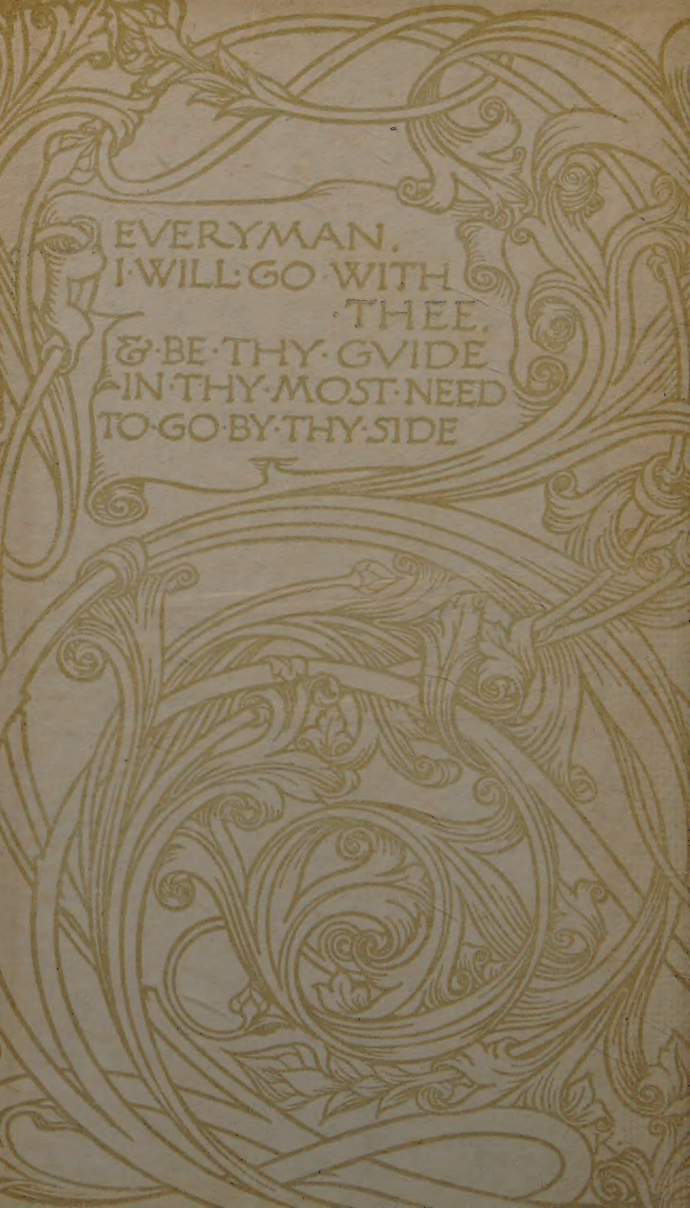
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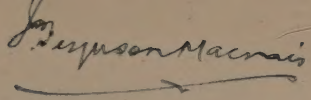

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FICTION

THE HOUSEHOLD OF SIR THOMAS MORE

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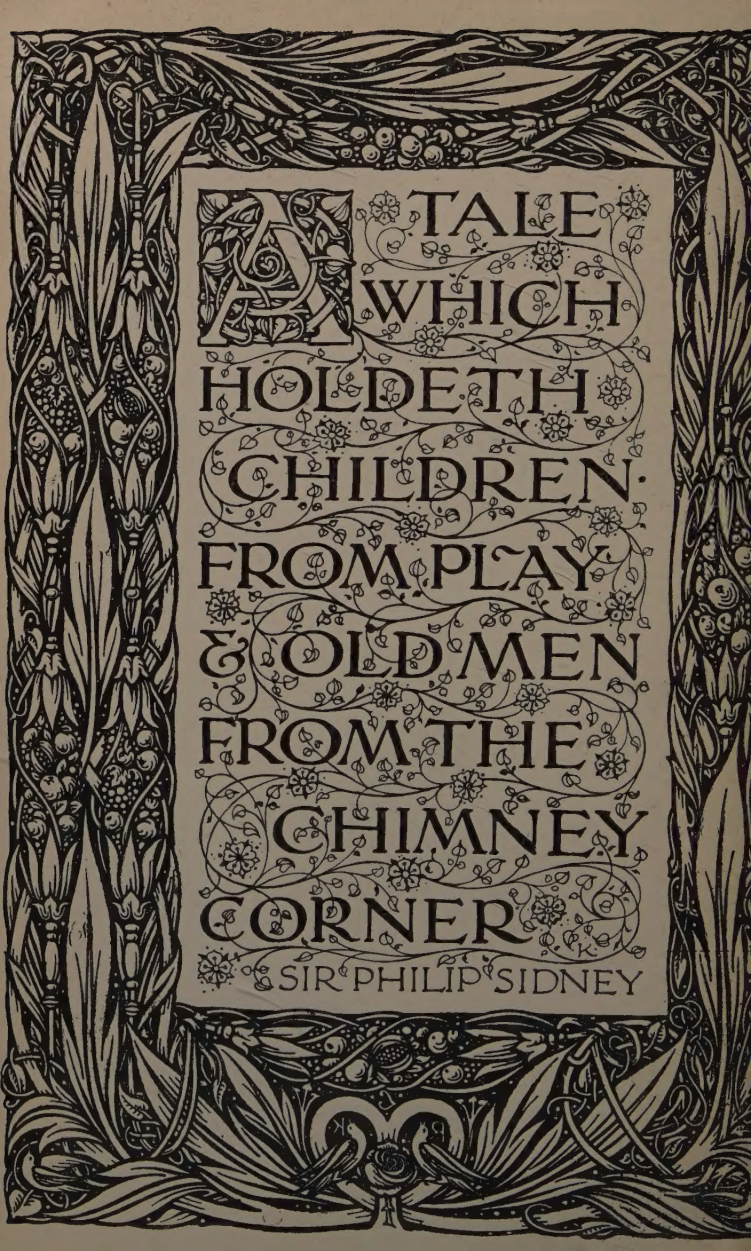
LONDON: J. M. DENT & CO.


A TALE
WHICH
HOLDETH
CHILDREN
FROM PLAY
& OLD MEN
FROM THE
CHIMNEY
CORNER
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

The HOUSEHOLD of Sir THOMAS MORE by ANNE MANNING

With ROPER'S LIFE of MORE

LONDON: PUBLISHED
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EDITOR'S NOTE

THE author of *The Household of Sir Thomas More*—Anne Manning, who died in 1885—is known to this generation by only a few of her many stories, of which *The Old Chelsea Bun-Shop*, *Mary Powell* which tells the story of Milton's wife, and *A Noble Purpose Nobly Won*, are perhaps the most read. But she was a delightful writer, who had a singular faculty of putting herself into the past; and she never did this with more reality and warmth of feeling than in the following story. It may seem to some readers that she would have done better had she kept less to the old spelling of the more ordinary words; but if this is a drawback, the whole effect of the book otherwise is to make transparently and perfectly natural the picture of More's day. Its truth to the period may best be understood by comparing the story told in the diary of Margaret More with the life of her father written by her husband, William Roper, which is here prefixed to the supposed story. If we would know Sir Thomas More from another and critically retrospective point of view, we can turn to the lucid account given of him by M. Henri Bremond in the new series of *Lives of the Saints* published by Messrs Duckworth & Co. For we must not forget that "the Blessed Thomas More" has formally been added to the saints in the Catholic Calendar. But he was a very joyous and witty as well as a wise and

gentle saint while he lived; and when the sun shone, and Erasmus was his companion, and his dear daughter Margaret was at his side, and Hans Holbein was painting him and his children in the old mansion by the Thames at Chelsea, his life must have been an unusually happy one. We understand More's brave spirit, true wisdom and great good nature the better when we read his *Utopia*, and learn there what he considered to be the pleasures, as well as the duties and real ends of life. But there is no better way of coming to know him than in this story by Miss Manning who writes of him as affectionately as if she had been his own daughter, and as vividly as if she had walked and talked with him in the flesh. When Sir Thomas More was a boy he wrote some lines which run—

> "He that hath lafte
> The hosier's crafte,
> And fall'th to makyng shoon;
> The smyth that shall
> To painting fall,
> His thrift is well-nigh done!"

But though Sir Thomas More tried many different crafts, and turned from his books and studies to helping to rule the State as Lord Chancellor, his thrift was never done, not even when they put him in prison. For the rest, let Miss Manning and Margaret show him in his everyday life and circumstance.

THE FOLLOWING IS A LIST OF THE WORKS OF MISS MANNING

A Sister's Gift : Conversations on Sacred Subjects, 1826. The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell, afterwards Mrs Milton, 1849 (from *Sharpe's Magazine*). The Household of Sir Thos. More, 1851 (from *Sharpe's Magazine*). Queen Philippa's Golden Booke, 1851. The Drawing-Room Table Book, 1852. The Colloquies of Edward Osborne, Citizen and Cloth Worker, 1852. The Provocations of Madame Palissy, 1853. Cherry and Violet : A Tale of the Great Plague, 1853. Jack and the Tanner of Wymondham, 1854. Chronicles of Merry England, 1854. Claude the Colporteur, 1854. The Hill Side : Illustrations of Some of the Simplest Terms used in Logic, 1854. Some Account of Mrs Clarinda Singlehart, 1855. The Adventures of Haroun al Raschid, 1855. A Sabbath at Home, 1855. The Old Chelsea Bun House, 1855. The Week of Darkness : A Short Manual for the Use and Comfort of Mourners, 1856. Tasso and Leonora : The Commentaries of Ser Pantaleone degli Gambacorti, 1856. The Good Old Times: A Tale of Auvergne, 1857. Lives of Good Servants, 1857. Helen and Olga, A Russian Story, 1857. The Year Nine : A Tale of the Tyrol, 1858. The Ladies of Bever Hollow, 1858. Poplar House Academy, 1859. Village Belles, 1859. Deborah's Diary (Sequel to Mary Powell), 1859, 1860. Autobiography of Valentine Duval (trans.), 1860. The Day of Small Things, 1860. Town and Forest, 1860. The Cottage History of England, 1861. Family Pictures, 1861. Chronicle of Ethelfled, 1861. A Noble Purpose Nobly Won (Joan of Arc), 1862. Meadowleigh, 1863. The Duchess of Trajetto, 1863. An Interrupted Wedding, 1864. Belforest, 1865. Selvaggio : A Tale of Italian Country Life, 1865. Miss Biddy Frobisher, 1866. The Lincolnshire Tragedy (Anne Askewe), 1866. The Masque at Ludlow, and Other Romanesques, 1866. Diana's Crescent, 1868. Jacques Bonneval, 1868. The Spanish Barber, 1869. One Trip More, 1870. Compton Friars, 1872. The Lady of Limited Income, 1872. Monk's Norton, 1874. Lord Harry Bellair, 1874. Heroes of the Desert (Moffat and Livingstone), 1875. An Idyll of the Alps, 1876.

Autobiographical Notices :—"Passages from an Authoress's Life," in *Golden Hours*, 1872. Serial Tales appeared in this magazine, 1868-1871.

THE LIFE OF SIR THOMAS MORE

In hoc ✠ signo vinces

FORASMUCH as Sir Thomas More, Knight sometime Lord Chancellor of England, a man of singular virtue and of a clear unspotted conscience, (as witnesseth Erasmus,) more pure and white than the whitest snow, and of such an angelical wit, as England, he saith, never had the like before, nor never shall again, universally, as well in the laws of our Realm (a study in effect able to occupy the whole life of a man) as in all other sciences, right well studied, was in his days accounted a man worthy famous memory; I William Roper (though most unworthy) his son-in-law by marriage of his eldest daughter, knowing no one man that of him and of his doings understood so much as myself for that I was continually resident in his house by the space of sixteen years and more, thought it therefore my part to set forth such matters touching his life as I could at this present call to remembrance. Among which very many notable things not meet to have been forgotten, through negligence and long continuance of time, are slipped out of my mind. Yet to the intent the same shall

not all utterly perish, I have at the desire of divers worshipful friends of mine, though very far from the grace and worthiness of them, nevertheless as far forth as my mean wit, memory and learning would serve me, declared so much thereof as in my poor judgment seemed worthy to be remembered.

This Sir Thomas More after he had been brought up in the Latin tongue at St Anthony's in London, he was, by his father's procurement received into the house of the right reverend, wise and learned prelate Cardinal Morton, where (though he was young of years, yet) would he at Christmastide suddenly sometimes step in among the players, and never studying for the matter, make a part of his own there presently among them, which made the lookers-on more sport than all the players beside. In whose wit and towardness the Cardinal much delighting, would often say of him unto the nobles that divers times dined with him, "This child here waiting at the table, whosoever shall live to see it, will prove a marvellous man." Whereupon for his learning he placed him at Oxford, where when he was both in the Greek and Latin tongue sufficiently instructed, he was then for the study of the law of the Realm put to an Inn of the Chancery, called New Inn, where for his time, he very well prospered. And from thence was committed to Lincoln's Inn, with very small allowance, continuing there his study until he was made and accounted a worthy utter barrister. After this, to his great commendation, he read for a good space a public lecture of St Augustine

de Civitate Dei in the church of St Laurence in the Old Jewry, whereunto there resorted Doctor Grocyn, an excellent cunning man, and all the chief learned of the city of London. Then was he made Reader of Furnival's Inn, so remaining by the space of three years and more. After which time he gave himself to devotion and prayer in the Charterhouse of London, religiously living there without vow about four years, until he resorted to the house of one Mr Colt, a gentleman of Essex that had oft invited him thither, having three daughters whose honest conversation and virtuous education provoked him there especially to set his affection. And albeit his mind most served him to the second daughter, for that he thought her the fairest and best favoured, yet when he considered that it would be both great grief and some shame also to the eldest to see her younger sister in marriage preferred before her, he then of a certain pity framed his fancy towards her, and soon after married her, nevertheless not discontinuing his study of the law at Lincoln's Inn, but applying still the same until he was called to the Bench, and had read twice, which is as often as any judge of the law doth read.

Before which time he had placed himself and his wife at Bucklesbury in London, where he had by her three daughters, in virtue and learning brought up from their youth, whom he would often exhort to take virtue and learning for their meat, and play but for their sauce.

Who ere ever he had been reader in Court was in

the latter time of King Henry the Seventh made a Burgess in the Parliament, wherein there were by the King demanded (as I have heard it reported) about three-fifteenths for the marriage of his eldest daughter, that then should be the Scottish Queen. At the last debating whereof he made such arguments and reasons there against, that the King's demands were thereby overthrown. So that one of the King's privy chamber, named Mr Tyler, being present thereat, brought word to the King out of the Parliament house, that a beardless boy had disappointed all his purposes. Whereupon the King conceiving great indignation towards him could not be satisfied until he had some way revenged it. And forasmuch as he nothing having, nothing could lose, his grace devised a causeless quarrel against his Father, keeping him in the Tower until he had paid him an hundred pounds fine. Shortly hereupon it fortuned that this Sir Thomas More coming in a suit to Dr Fox, Bishop of Winchester, one of the King's privy council, they called him aside, and pretending great favour towards him, promised him that if he would be ruled by him, he would not fail but into the King's favour again to restore him, meaning, as it was after conjectured, to cause him thereby to confess his offence against the King, whereby his Highness might with better colour have occasion to revenge his displeasure against him. But when he came from the Bishop, he fell in communication with one Mr Whitford, his familiar friend, then chaplain to that Bishop and after a Father of Sion, and showed him what the Bishop had

said unto him, desiring to have his advice therein, who for the passion of God prayed him in no wise to follow his council "for my Lord my Master (quoth he) to serve the King's turn will not stick to agree to his own father's death." So Sir Thomas More returned to the Bishop no more. And had not the King soon after died, he was determined to have gone over the sea, thinking that being in the King's indignation he could not live in England without great danger. After he was made one of the under-sheriffs of London, by which office and his learning together as I have heard him say, he gained without grief not so little as four hundred pounds by the year; since there was at that time in none of the Prince's courts of the laws of this realm any matter of importance in controversy wherein he was not with the one party of counsel. Of whom, for his learning, wisdom, and knowledge and experience, men had him in such estimation, that before he was come to the service of King Henry the Eighth, at the suit and instance of the English Merchants, he was, by the King's consent, made twice Ambassador in certain great causes between them and the Merchants of the Stilliard, whose wise and discreet dealing therein to his high commendation, coming to the King's understanding, provoking his Highness to cause Cardinal Wolsey (then Lord Chancellor) to procure him to his service. And albeit the Cardinal according to the King's request earnestly travailed with him therefore, among many other his persuasions alleging unto him, how dear his service must needs be unto his Majesty,

which could not of his honour with less than he should yearly lose thereby seem to recompense him, yet he, loath to change his estate, made such means to the King by the Cardinal to the contrary, that his Grace for that time was well satisfied. Now happened there after this a great ship of his that then was Pope to arrive at Southampton, which the King claiming for a forfeiture, the Pope's Ambassador by suit unto his Grace obtained, that he might for his Master the Pope have counsel learned in the Laws of this realm, and the matter in his own presence (being himself a singular civilian) in some public place to be openly heard and discussed. At which time there could none of our law be found so meet to be of counsel with this Ambassador as Sir Thomas More, who could report to the Ambassador in Latin all the reasons and arguments by the learned counsel on both sides alleged. Upon this the Councillors on either party in presence of the Lord Chancellor, and other the judges in the Star Chamber, had audience accordingly. Where Sir Thomas More not only declared to the Ambassador the whole effect of all their opinions, but also in defence on the Pope's side argued so learnedly himself, that both was the foresaid forfeiture to the Pope restored, and himself among all the hearers, for his upright and commendable demeanour therein, so greatly renowned, that for no entreaty would the King from henceforth be induced any longer to forbear his service. At whose first entry thereunto he made him Master of the Requests, having then no better room void, and within a month after, knight

and one of his Privy Council, and so from time to time was by the Prince advanced, continuing in his singular favour and trusty service twenty years and above, a good part whereof used the King upon holidays, when he had done his own devotions to send for him into his private room, and there some time in matters of Astronomy, Geometry, Divinity, and such other Faculties, and some time in his worldly affairs, to sit and confer with him, and other whiles would he in the night have him up into the leads, there to consider with him the diversities, courses, motions, and operations of the stars and planets. And because he was of a pleasant disposition, it pleased the King and Queen after the Council had supped, at the time of their supper for their pleasure commonly to call for him, and to be merry with them. When he perceived so much in his talk to delight, that he could not once in a month get leave to go home to his wife and children (whose company he most desired) and to be absent from the Court two days together, but that he should be thither sent for again, he much misliking this restraint of liberty, began thereupon somewhat to dissemble his nature, and so by little and little from his former mirth to disuse himself, that he was of them from thenceforth no more so ordinarily sent for. Then died one Mr Weston, Treasurer of the Exchequer, whose office after his death the King of his own offer, without any asking, freely gave unto Sir Thomas More. In the fourteenth year of his Grace's Reign was there a Parliament holden, whereof Sir Thomas More was chosen Speaker, who being very

loath to take that Room upon him, made an oration, not now extant, to the King's Highness for his discharge thereof. Whereunto when the King would not consent, he spake unto his Grace in form following: "Since I perceive (most redoubted sovereign) that it standeth not with your Highness' pleasure to reform this election, and cause it to be changed, but have, by the mouth of the Right Reverend Father in God the Legate your Highness' Chancellor, thereunto given your most royal consent, and have of your benignity determined, far above that I may bear, to enable me, and for this office to repute me meet, rather than ye should seem to impute unto your Commons that they had unmeetly chosen, I am therefore, and always shall be, ready obediently to conform myself to the accomplishment of your high commandment. In my most humble wise beseeching your most noble Majesty, that I may, with your Grace's favour, before I farther enter thereunto, make mine humble intercession unto your Highness for two lowly petitions, the one privately concerning myself, the other the whole assembly of your Common House. And for myself (Gracious Sovereign) that if it mishap me in anything hereafter, that is in the behalf of your Commons in your high presence to be declared, to mistake my message, and for lack of good utterance by me misrehearsed, to pervert or impair the prudent instructions, that it may then like your most noble Majesty of your abundant grace, with the eye of your accustomed pity, to pardon my simplicity, giving me leave again to repair to the Common

House, and there to confer with them, and to take their substantial advice, what thing, and in what wise I shall on their behalf utter and speak before your noble Grace: to the intent their prudent advices and affairs be not by my simpleness and folly hindered or impaired. Which thing if it should so hap, as it were well likely to mishap in me (if your Grace's benignity relieved not my oversight) it could not fail to be, during my life, a perpetual grudge and heaviness to my heart. The help and remedy whereof in manner aforesaid remembered, is (most Gracious Sovereign) my first lowly suit and humble petition unto your most noble Grace. Mine other humble request, most excellent Prince, is this. Forasmuch as there be of your Commons here, by your high commandment assembled for your Parliament, a great number which are after the accustomed manner appointed in the Common House to treat and advise of the common affairs among themselves apart: and albeit (my liege Lord) that, according to your prudent advice, by your honourable writs everywhere declared, there hath been as due diligence used in sending up to your Highness' Court of Parliament the most discreet persons out of every quarter, that men could esteem meet thereto, whereby it is not to be doubted but that there is a very substantial assembly of right wise and politic persons: yet (most victorious Prince) since among so many wise men, neither is every man wise alike, nor among so many men like well witted, every man like well spoken; and it ofteneth happeneth, that likewise as much folly is uttered with painted

polished speeches, so many boisterous and rude in language see deep indeed, and give right substantial counsel: and since also in matters of great importance the mind is often so occupied in the matter, that a man rather studieth what to say, than how; by what reason whereof the wisest man and best spoken in a country fortuneth among, while his mind is fervent on the matter, somewhat to speak in such wise, as he would afterward wish to have been uttered otherwise, and yet no worse will had when he spake it, than he hath when he would so gladly change it: Therefore (most Gracious Sovereign) considering that in all your high Courts of Parliament is nothing entreated but of matters of weight and importance concerning your Realm, and your own Royal estate, it could not fail to let and put to silence from the giving of their advice and counsel many of your discreet Commons [except they] were utterly discharged of all doubt and fear how anything that should happen them to speak, should happen of your Highness to be taken: and in this point your well-known benignity putteth every man in right good hope. Yet such is the weight of the matter, such is the reverend dread that the timorous hearts of your natural subjects conceive towards your high Majesty (our most redoubted King and undoubted Sovereign) that they cannot in this point find themselves satisfied, except your gracious bounty herein declared put away the scruple of their timorous minds, and animate and encourage them out of doubt. It may therefore like your most abundant Grace (our most gracious King) to give to

all your Commons here assembled your most gracious licence and pardon freely, without doubt of your dreadful displeasure, every man to discharge his conscience, and boldly in everything incident among, declare his advice, and whatsoever happeneth any man to say, it may like your noble Majesty of your inestimable goodness to take all in good part, interpreting every man's words, how uncunningly soever they be couched, to proceed yet of a good zeal towards the profit of your Realm and honour of your Royal person, the prosperous estate and preservation whereof (most excellent Sovereign) is the thing which we all your most humble loving subjects, according to the most bounden duty of our natural allegiance, most highly desire and pray for." At this Parliament Cardinal Wolsey found himself much grieved with the Burgesses thereof, for that nothing was so soon done or spoken therein, but that it was immediately blown abroad in every alehouse. It fortuned at that Parliament a very great subsidy to be demanded, which the Cardinal fearing it would not pass the Common House, determined for the furtherance thereof, to be there present himself; before whose coming after long debating there, whether it were better but with a few of his Lords (as the most opinion of the house was) or with a whole train royally to receive him there amongst them, "Masters," quoth Sir Thomas More, "forasmuch as my Lord Cardinal lately, you note well, laid to our charge the lightness of our tongues for things uttered out of this house, it shall not be amiss in my

mind to receive him with all his pomp, with his maces, his pillars, his pollaxes, his crosses, his hat, and great seal too; to the intent that if he find the like fault with us hereafter, we may be the bolder from ourselves to lay the blame upon those that his Grace bringeth with him." Whereunto the House wholly agreeing, he was received accordingly. Where after he had in a solemn oration by many reasons proved how necessary it was the demands there moved to be granted, and further said that less would not serve the King's purpose; he seeing the company still silent, and thereunto nothing answering, and contrary to his expectation showing in themselves towards his requests no towardness of inclination, said unto them: "Masters, ye have many wise and learned men among you, and seeing I am from the King's own person sent hither unto you for the preservation of yourselves and all the Realm, I think it meet you give me a reasonable answer." Whereat every man holding his peace, then began he to speak to one Mr Marney, who making him no answer neither, he severally asked the same question of divers others accounted the wisest of the company. To whom when none of them all would give so much as one word, being before agreed, as the custom was, by their speaker to make answer: "Masters," quoth the Cardinal, "unless it be the manner of your house (as of likelihood it is) in such causes to utter your minds by the mouth of your speaker, whom ye have chosen for trusty and wise (as indeed he is) here is without doubt a marvellous obstinate silence;" and

thereupon required the answer of Mr Speaker, who reverently upon his knees excusing the silence of the house, abashed at the presence of so noble a personage, able to amaze the wisest and best learned in a realm, and after by many reasons proving, that for them to make answer was it neither expedient, nor agreeable with the ancient liberty of the House; in conclusion for himself showed, that though they had all with their voices trusted him, yet except every of them could put into his own head all their several wits, he alone in so weighty a matter was unmeet to make his Grace answer. Whereupon the Cardinal displeased with Sir Thomas More, that had not in this Parliament in all things satisfied his desire, suddenly arose and departed: and after the Parliament ended, uttered unto him all his griefs, saying, "Would to God you had been at Rome, Mr More, when I made you Speaker." "Your Grace not offended, so would I too, my Lord," quoth he, and to wind such quarrels out of the Cardinal's head, he began to talk of that gallery at Hampton Court, wherewith so wisely brake he off the Cardinal's displeasant talk, the Cardinal at that present, as it seemed, wist not what more to say to him, but for revengement of his displeasure counselled the King to send him Ambassador into Spain, commending unto his Highness his wisdom, learning, and meetness for that voyage, and the difficulty of the cause considered, none was there so well able, he said, to serve his Grace therein. Which when the King had broken to Sir Thomas More, and that he had declared unto his Grace, how unfit a

journey it was for him, the nature of the country and disposition of his complexion so disagreeing together, that he should never be likely to do his Grace acceptable service therein, knowing right well that if his Grace sent him thither, he should send him to his grave; but showing himself nevertheless ready according to his duty, albeit with the loss of his life, to fulfil his Grace's pleasure therein, the King allowing well his answer, said unto him, "It is not our meaning, Mr More, to do you hurt, but to do you good we would be glad. We therefore, for this purpose will devise upon some other, and employ your service otherwise." And such entire favour did the King bear him, that he made him Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, upon the death of Sir Richard Winfield, who had that office before. And for the pleasure he took in his company, would his Grace suddenly sometimes come home to his house at Chelsea to be merry with him, whither on a time unlooked for he came to dinner, and after dinner in a fair garden of his walked with him by the space of an hour holding his arm about his neck. As soon as his Grace was gone, I rejoicing, told Sir Thomas More, how happy he was, whom the King had so familiarly entertained, as I had never seen him do to any before, except Cardinal Wolsey, whom I saw his Grace once walk with arm in arm. "I thank our Lord, son," quoth he, "I find his Grace my very good lord indeed, and I do believe he doth as singularly favour me as any subject within this Realm. Howbeit (son Roper) I may tell thee, I

have no cause to be proud thereof. For if my head would win him a castle in France (for then there was wars between us) it should not fail to go." This Sir Thomas More, among all other his virtues, was of such meekness, that if it had fortuned him with any learned man resorting to him from Oxford, Cambridge, or elsewhere, as there did divers, some for the desire of his acquaintance, some for the famous report of his learning and wisdom, and some for suits of the Universities, to have entered into argument, wherein few were comparable to him, and so far to have discoursed with them therein, that he might perceive they could not, without some inconvenience, hold out much further disputation against him: then, least he should discomfort them, as he that sought not his own glory, but rather would seem conquered than to discourage students in their studies, ever showing himself more desirous to learn than to teach, would he by some witty device courteously break off into some other matters and give over. Of whom for his wisdom and learning had the King such an opinion, that at such time as he attended upon his Highness, taking his progress either to Oxford or Cambridge, where he was received with very eloquent orations, his Grace would always assign him (as one that was most prompt, and ready therein) *ex tempore* to make answer thereunto; whose manner was, whensoever he had any occasion, either here or beyond the sea to be in any University, not only to be present at the reading and disputations there commonly used, but also learnedly to dispute among them himself. Who

being Chancellor of the Duchy, was made ambassador twice; joined in commission with Cardinal Wolsey once to the Emperor Charles into Flanders, the other time to the French King into France. Not long after this the Water Bailiff of London (sometime his servant) hearing, where he had been at dinner, certain merchants liberally to rail against his old master, waxed so discontented therewith, that he hastily came to him, and told him what he had heard: "and were I, Sir" (quoth he) "in such favour and authority with my Prince as you are, such men surely should not be suffered so villainously and falsely to mis-report and slander me. Wherefore I would wish you to call them before you, and, to their shame, for their lewd malice to punish them." Who smiling upon him said, "Mr Water Bailiff, would you have me punish them by whom I receive more benefit than by you all that be my friends? Let them a God's name speak as lewdly as they list of me, and shoot never so many arrows at me, so long as they do not hit me, what am I the worse? But if they should once hit me, then would it a little trouble me: howbeit, I trust, by God's help, there shall none of them all be able once to touch me. I have more cause, Mr Water Bailiff (I assure thee) to pity them, than to be angry with them." Such fruitful communication had he oftentimes with his familiar friends. So on a time walking along the Thames side with me at Chelsea, in talking of other things, he said to me, "Now would to God, son Roper, upon condition three things were well established in Christendom, I

were put in a sack, and here presently cast into the Thames." "What great things be these, Sir," quoth I, "that should move you so to wish?" "Wouldest thou know, son Roper, what they be?" quoth he. "Yea marry, Sir, with a good will if it please you," quoth I. "I faith, they be these, son," quoth he. "The first is, that whereas the most part of Christian princes be at mortal wars, they were at universal peace. The second, that where the Church of Christ is at this present sore afflicted with many heresies and errors, it were well settled in an uniformity of religion. The third, that where the King's matter of his marriage is now come into question, it were to the glory of God and quietness of all parties brought to a good conclusion:" whereby, as I could gather, he judged that otherwise it would be a disturbance to a great part of Christendom. Thus did it by his doings throughout the whole course of his life appear, that all his travails and pains, without respect of earthly commodities, either to himself or any of his, were only upon the service of God, the Prince and the Realm, wholly bestowed and employed; whom in his latter time I heard to say, that he never asked of the King himself the value of one penny. As Sir Thomas More's custom was daily, if he were at home, besides his private prayers with his children, to say the seven psalms, litany, and suffrages following, was his guise nightly, before he went to bed, with his wife, children, and household to go to his chapel, and there upon his knees ordinarily to say certain psalms and collects with them: and because he was desirous for godly purposes

some time to be solitary, and sequester himself from worldly company; a good distance from his mansion house builded he a place, called the new building, wherein was a chapel, a library, and a gallery, in which as his use was upon other days to occupy himself in prayer and study together, so on the Fridays there usually continued he from morning unto evening, spending his time duly in devout prayers, and spiritual exercises; and to provoke his wife and children to the desire of heavenly things, he would sometimes use these words unto them. "It is now no mastery for you children to go to heaven. For everybody giveth you good counsel, everybody giveth you good example. You see virtue rewarded, and vice punished, so that you are carried up to heaven even by the chins. But if you live in the time, that no man will give you good counsel, nor no man will give you good example, when you shall see virtue punished, and vice rewarded, if you will then stand fast, and firmly stick to God upon pain of life, if you be but half good, God will allow you for whole good." If his wife or any of his children had been diseased, or troubled, he would say to them, "We may not look at our pleasure to go to heaven in feather beds, it is not the way. For our Lord himself went thither with great pain, and by many tribulations, which is the path wherein he walked thither, and the servant may not look to be in better case than his Master." And as he would in this sort persuade them to take their troubles patiently, so would he in like case teach them to withstand the devil and his temptations, valiantly saying, "Whosoever will mark

the devil and his temptations shall find him therein much like to an ape. For as an ape not well looked to will be busy and bold to do shrewd turns, and contrariwise being spied will suddenly leap back and adventure no farther: so the devil, seeing a man idle, slothful, and without resistance ready to receive his temptations, waxeth so hardy that he will not fail still to continue with him, until to his purpose he hath brought him: but on the other side, if he see a man with diligence present to prevent and withstand his temptations, he waxeth so weary, that in conclusion he forsaketh him. For as much as the devil by disposition is a spirit of nature so envious, that he feareth any more to assault him, lest that he should thereby not only catch a foul fall himself, but also minister to the man more matter of merit." Thus delighted he evermore not only in virtuous exercises to be occupied himself, but also to exhort his wife, and children, and household to embrace and follow the same. To whom for his notable virtue and godliness God showed, as he seemed, a manifest, miraculous token of his special favour towards him, at such time as my wife (as many others that year were) was sick of the sweating sickness, who lying in so great extremity of that disease, as by no invention or devices, that physicians in such case commonly use (of whom she had divers, both expert, wise, and well learned, then continually attendant upon her) she could be kept from sleep: so that both physicians, and all others despaired her health and recovery, and gave her over: her father (as he that most entirely tendered her) being in

no small heaviness for her, by prayer at God his hands sought to get remedy, whereupon after his usual manner going up into his new lodging, there in his chapel upon his knees with tears most devoutly besought Almighty God, that it would be like his goodness, unto whom nothing was impossible, if it were his blessed will, at his mediation to vouchsafe graciously to hear his petition; where incontinent came into his mind, that a glister should be the only way to help her, which when he had told the physicians, they by-and-by confessed, that if there were any hope of health, that it was the very best help indeed, much marvelling of themselves, that they had not afore remembered it. Then it was immediately ministered unto her sleeping, which she could by no means have been brought unto waking, and albeit after she was thereby thoroughly awaked, God's marks, evident undoubted token of death, plainly appeared upon her, yet she (contrary to all their expectation) was (as it was thought) by her father's fervent prayer miraculously recovered, and at length again to perfect health restored, whom if it had pleased God at that time to have taken to his mercy, her father said he would never have meddled with worldly matters after. Now while Sir Thomas More was Chancellor of the Duchy, the See of Rome chanced to be void, which was cause of much trouble. For Cardinal Wolsey, a man very ambitious, and desirous (as good hope, and likelihood he had) to aspire unto that dignity, perceiving himself of his expectation disappointed by means of the Emperor Charles,

so highly commending one Cardinal Adrian, sometime his schoolmaster, to the Cardinals of Rome, in the time of their election for his virtue and worthiness, that thereupon was he chosen Pope, who from Spain (where he was then resident) coming on foot to Rome, before his entry into that city did put off his hose and shoes, barefooted and barelegged passing through the streets towards his palace with such humbleness, that all the people had him in great reverence. Cardinal Wolsey waxed so woe therewith, that he studied to invent all ways of revengement of his grief against the Emperor, which as it was the beginning of a lamentable tragedy, so some part thereof not impertinent to my present purpose I reckoned requisite here to put in remembrance. This Cardinal therefore, not ignorant of the King's unconstant and mutable disposition, soon inclined to withdraw his devotion from his own most noble and virtuous wife Queen Katherine, aunt to the Emperor, upon every light occasion; and upon other, to her in nobility, wisdom, virtue, favour, and beauty far incomparable, to fix his affection, meaning to make his so light disposition an instrument to bring about this his ungodly intent, devised to allure the King (then already contrary to his mind nothing less looking for than falling in love with the Lady Anne Bullen) to cast fancy to one of the French Sisters, which thing, because of enmity and war was at that time between the French King and the Emperor (whom, for the cause afore remembered, he mortally maligned) he was desirous to procure, and for the better achieving

thereof requested Langland, Bishop of Lincoln, and ghostly father to the King, to put a scruple into the King's head, that it was not lawful for him to marry his brother's wife; which the King not sorry to hear of, opened it first to Sir Thomas More, whose counsel he required therein, showing him certain places of Scripture, that somewhat seemed to serve his appetite, which when he had perused, and thereupon, as one that never had professed the study of Divinity himself, excused to be unmeet many ways to meddle with such matters: the King, not satisfied with this answer, so sore still pressed upon him, therefore, in conclusion he condescended to his Grace his motion, and further, that the matter was of such importance as needed good advice and deliberation, he besought his Grace of sufficient respect advisedly to consider of it; wherewith the King well contented said unto him; Tunstall and Clarke, Bishops of Durham and Bath, with other learned of his Privy Council should also be dealers therein. So Sir Thomas More departing, conferred those places of Scripture with the exposition of divers of the old holy doctors, and at his coming to the Court, in talking with his Grace of the foresaid matter, he said, "To be plain with your Grace, neither my Lord of Durham, nor my Lord of Bath, though I know them both to be wise, virtuous, and learned, and honourable prelates, nor myself with the rest of your Council, being all your Grace's own servants, for your manifold benefits daily bestowed on us, so most bounden unto you, be in my judgment meet

counsellors for your Grace herein ; but if your Grace minds to understand the truth, such counsellors may you have devised, as neither for respect of their own worldly commodity, nor for fear of your princely authority, will be inclined to deceive you."

To whom he named St Jerome, St Augustine, and divers other holy doctors, both Greeks and Latins : and moreover showed him what authority he had gathered out of them, which although the King did not very well like of (as disagreeable to his Grace's desire), yet were they by Sir Thomas More (who in all his communication with the King in that matter had always most wisely behaved himself) so wisely tempered, that he both presently took them in good part, and oftentimes had thereof conference with him again. After this were there certain questions proposed among his Council, whether the King needed, in this case, to have any scruple at all, and if he had, what way were best to deliver him of it? the most part of whom were of the opinion, that there was good cause, and that, for discharging of it, suit were meet to be made to the See of Rome, where the King hoping by liberality to obtain his purpose, wherein (as after it appeared) he was far deceived, then was there, for the trial and examination of this matrimony, procured from Rome a Commission, in which Cardinal Campegines and Cardinal Wolsey were joined Commissioners, who, for the determination thereof, sat at the Blackfriars in London. Where a libel was put in for the admitting of the said matrimony, alleging the said marriage between the King

and the Queen to be unlawful, and, for proof of the marriage to be lawful, was there brought in a dispensation; in which, after divers disputations thereupon holden, there appeared an imperfection, which by an instrument or brief, upon search found in the treasury of Spain, and sent to the Commissioners into England, was supplied, and so should judgment have been given by the Pope accordingly, had not the King, upon intelligence thereof, before the same judgment appealed to the next general Council. After whose appellation the Cardinal upon that matter sat no longer. It fortuned before the matter of the said matrimony brought in question, when I, in talk with Sir Thomas More, of a certain joy commended unto him the happy estate of this realm, that had so catholic a Prince, that no heretic durst show his face, so virtuous and learned a clergy, so grave and sound a nobility, so loving and obedient subjects, all in one faith agreeing together: "True it is indeed (son Roper)," quoth he, and in commending all degrees and estates of the same went far beyond me, "and yet (son Roper) I pray God," said he, "that some of us, as high as we seem to sit upon the mountains, treading heretics under our feet like ants, live not the day, that we gladly would wish to be at league and composition with them, to let them have their churches quietly to themselves; so that they would be content to let us have ours quietly to ourselves." After that I had told him many considerations, why he had no cause to say so, "Well, well," said he, "I pray God (son Roper) some of us live not till that day," showing

me no reason why I should put any doubt therein. To whom I said, "By my troth, Sir, it is very desperately spoken," that vile term (I cry God mercy) did I give him, who by these words perceiving me in a fume, said merrily unto me, "Well, son Roper, it shall not be so, it shall not be so." Whom in sixteen years and more, being in his house conversant with him, I could never perceive him so much as once to fume. But now to return again where I left: After supplying of imperfections of the dispensation set (as before is rehearsed) to the Commissioners into England, the King taking the matter for ended, and then meaning no further to proceed in that matter, assigned the Bishop of Durham, and Sir Thomas More to go ambassadors to Cambray, a place neither Imperial nor French, to treat a peace between the French King, the Emperor, and him, in the concluding whereof Sir Thomas More so worthily handled himself (procuring in our league far more benefits under his realm, than at that time by the King and Council was possible to be compassed), that for his good service in that voyage, the King, when he after made him Lord Chancellor, caused the Duke of Norfolk openly to declare unto the people (as you shall hear hereafter more at large) how much all England was bound unto him. Now, upon the coming home of the Bishop of Durham and Sir Thomas More from Cambray, the King was as earnest in persuading Sir Thomas More to agree unto the matter of his marriage as before, by many and divers ways provoking him thereunto. For which

cause (as it was thought) he the rather soon after made him Lord Chancellor, and further declared unto him, that though at his going over the sea to Cambray, he was in utter despair thereof, yet he had conceived since some good hope to compass it. For albeit his marriage, being against the positive law of the Church, and the written law of God, was holden by the dispensation, yet was there another thing found out of late, he said, whereby his marriage appeared to be so directly against the laws of nature, that it could in no wise by the Church be dispensable, as Dr Stoksely (whom he had then newly preferred to be Bishop of London, and in that case chiefly credited) was able to instruct him, with whom he prayed him in that point to confer. But for all his conference with him, he saw nothing of such force, as could induce him to change his opinion therein; which notwithstanding the bishop showed himself in his report of him to the King's highness so good and favourable, that he said, he found him in his Grace's cause very toward, and desirous to find some good matter wherewith he might truly serve his Grace to his contentation. This Bishop Stoksely being by the Cardinal not long before in the Star Chamber openly put to rebuke, and awarded to the Fleet, not brooking his contumelious usage and thinking, that forasmuch as the Cardinal, for lack of such forwardness in setting first the King's divorce as his Grace looked for, was out of his Highness' favour, he had now a good occasion offered him to revenge his quarrel against him—further to incense the King's displeasure towards him,

busily travailed to invent some colourable device for the King's furtherance in that behalf. Which (as before is mentioned) he to his Grace revealed, hoping thereby to bring the King to the better liking of himself, and the more misliking of the Cardinal. His Highness therefore was soon after of his office displaced, and to Sir Thomas More (the rather to move him to incline to his side) the same in his stead committed. Who between Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk being brought through Westminster Hall to his place in the Chancery, the Duke of Norfolk, in audience of all the people there assembled, showed, that he was from the King himself straightly charged by special commission there openly, in the presence of all, to make declaration, how much all England was beholden to Sir Thomas More for his good service, and how worthy he was to have the highest room in the Realm, and how dearly his Grace loved and trusted him ; for which, said the Duke, he had great cause to rejoice. Whereunto Sir Thomas More, among many other his humble and wise sayings (not now in my memory) answered, "That although he had good cause to rejoice of his Highness' singular favour towards him, that he had far above his deserts so highly commended him, yet nevertheless he must for his own part needs confess, that in all things by his Grace alleged he had done no more than was his duty. And further disabled himself as unmeet for that room, wherein, considering how wise and honourable a prelate had lately before taken so great a fall, he had," he said, "thereof no cause to

rejoice." And as they on the King's behalf charged him uprightly to minister indifferent justice to the people without corruption or affection, so did he likewise charge them again, that if they saw him at any time in anything digress from any part of his duty, in that honourable office, then, as they would discharge their own duty and fidelity to God and the King, so should they not fail to disclose it to his Grace, who otherwise might have just occasion to lay his fault wholly to their charge. While he was Lord Chancellor (being at leisure, as seldom he was) one of his sons-in-law on a time said merrily unto him, "When Cardinal Wolsey was Lord Chancellor, not only divers of his privy chamber, but such also as were his door keepers got great gain, and since he had married one of his daughters, and gave still attendance upon him, he thought he might of reason look for somewhat, where he indeed, because he was ready himself to hear every man, poor and rich, and keep no doors shut from them, could find none, which was to him a great discouragement. And whereas else some for friendship, some for kindred, and some for profit, would gladly have his furtherance in bringing them to his presence, if he should now take anything of them he knew" (he said), "he should do them great wrong, for that they might do as much for themselves, as he could do for them: which condition although he thought in Sir Thomas More very commendable, yet to him" (said he) "being his son he found it nothing profitable." When he had told him this tale, "You say well, son"

(quoth he), "I do not mislike that you are of conscience so scrupulous, but many other ways be there (son), that I may do both yourself good, and pleasure your friend also. For sometimes may I in words stand your friend in stead, and sometime may I by my letter help you and him, or if he have a cause depending before me, at your request I may hear him before another, or if his cause be not all the best, yet may I move the parties to fall to some reasonable end by arbitrament; howbeit, this one thing I assure thee on my faith, that if the parties will at my hand call for justice, then were it my father stood on the one side and the devil on the other side (his cause being good) the devil should have right. So offered he his son (as he thought" he said) "as much favour as with reason he could require." And that he would for no respect digress from justice well appeared by a plain example of another of his sons-in-law, Mr Heron. For when he, having a matter before him in the Chancery, presuming too much of his favour, would by him in no wise be persuaded to agree to any indifferent order, then made he in conclusion a flat decree against him. This Lord Chancellor used commonly every afternoon to sit in his open hall, to the intent, if any person had any suit unto him, they might the more boldly come to his presence, and there open complaints before him. Whose manner was also to read every bill himself, ere he would award any subpœna, which bearing matter sufficient worthy a subpœna, would he set his hand unto, or else cancel it. Whensoever he passed through Westminster Hall to his place in the

Chancery by the Court of the King's Bench, if his father, one of the judges there, had been sat ere he came he would go into the same court, and there reverently kneeling down in the sight of them all duly ask his father's blessing. And if it fortuned that his father and he at readings in Lincoln's Inn met together (as they sometime did) notwithstanding his high office he would offer in argument the preeminence to his father, though he for his office sake would refuse to take it. And for the better declaration of his natural affection towards his father, he not only (when he lay on his death-bed) according to his duty ofttimes with comfortable words most kindly came to visit him; but also at his departure out of this world, with tears taking him about the neck, most lovingly kissed and embraced him, commending into the merciful hands of Almighty God, and so departed from him. And as few injunctions as he granted while he was Lord Chancellor, yet were they by some of the judges of the law misliked, which I understanding, declared the same unto Sir Thomas More, who answered me, that they have little cause to find fault with him therefore. And thereupon caused he one Mr Crooke, chief of the six clerks, to make a docket, containing the whole number and causes of all such injunctions, as either in his time had already passed, or at that present time depended in any of the King's Courts at Westminster before him. Which done he invited all the judges to dinner with him in the Council Chamber at Westminster, where after dinner when he had broken with them what

complaints he had heard of his injunctions, and moreover showed them both the number and causes of every of them in order so plainly, that, upon full debating of those matters, they were all enforced to confess, that they, in like case, could have done no otherwise themselves, then offered he this unto them, that if the justices of every court, unto whom the reformation of rigour of the law, by reason of their office, most specially appertained, would, upon reasonable considerations, by their own discretions (as they were, as he thought, in conscience bound) mitigate and reform the rigour of the law themselves, there should from thenceforth by him no more injunctions be granted. Whereupon when they refused to condescend, then said he unto them: "Forasmuch as yourselves, my lords, drive me to that necessity for awarding our injunctions to relieve the people's injury, you cannot hereafter any more justly blame me;" after that he had said secretly unto me: "I perceive, son, why they like not so to do. For they see, that they may, by the verdict of the jury, cast off all quarrels from themselves upon them, which they account their chief defence, and therefore am I compelled to abide the adventure of all such reports." And as little leisure as he had to be occupied in the study of Holy Scripture, and controversies upon religion, and such other like virtuous exercises, being in manner continually busied about the affairs of the King and the Realm, yet such watch and pain in setting forth of divers profitable works in defence of the true Catholic religion against heresies, secretly

sown abroad in the Realm, assuredly sustained he, that the bishops, to whose pastoral cure the reformation thereof principally appertained, thinking themselves by his travail (wherein, by their own confession, with him they were not able to make comparison) of their duty discharged, and considering that, for all his pains, and prince's favour, he was no rich man, nor in yearly revenues advanced as his worthiness deserved, therefore at a convocation among themselves and other of the clergy, they agreed together, and concluded upon a sum of four or five thousand pounds at the least (to my remembrance) for his pains to recompense him. To the payment whereof every bishop, abbot, and the rest of the clergy were after the rate of their abilities liberal contributaries, hoping this portion should be to his contentation. Whereupon Tunstall bishop of Durham, Clarke bishop of Bath, and (as far as I can call to mind) Vaysie bishop of Exeter, repaired unto him, declaring how thankfully for his travails to their discharge in God's cause bestowed, they reckoned themselves bound to consider him. And that albeit they could not according to his deserts so worthily as they gladly would requite him therefore, but reserve that only to the goodness of God, yet for a small part of recompense, in respect of his estate, so unequal to his worthiness, in the name of their whole Convocation, they presented unto him that sum, which they desired him to take in good part, who forsaking it, said, "That like as it were no small comfort unto him, that so wise and learned men so well accepted his simple doing, for which he in-

tended never to receive reward but at the hands of God only, to whom alone was thanks thereof chiefly to be ascribed: so gave he most humble thanks unto their honours all for their bountiful consideration." When they for all their importune pressing upon him, that few would have went he could have refused it, could by no means make him to take it, then they besought him be content, yet that they might bestow it upon his wife and children; "Not so, my Lords" (quoth he), "I had liever see it all cast into the Thames, than I, or any of mine should have thereof the worth of one penny. For though your offer, my Lords, be indeed very friendly and honourable, yet set I so much by my pleasure, and so little by my profits, that I would not (in good faith) for so much, and much more to have lost the rest of so many a night's sleep, as was spent upon the same. And yet wish I would, for all that, upon conditions that all heresies were suppressed, that all my books were burned, and my labour utterly lost." Thus departing, were they fain to restore to every man his own again. This Lord Chancellor albeit he was to God and the world well known of notable virtue, though not so of every man considered, yet for the avoidance of singularity would he appear no otherwise than other men in his apparel and other outward behaviour. And albeit he appeared honourable outwardly, and like one of his calling, yet inwardly he no such vanities esteeming, secretly next his body wore a shirt of hair, which my sister More, a young gentlewoman in the summer, as he sat at supper singly

in his doublet and hose, wearing thereupon a plain shirt without ruff or collar, chancing to espy, began to laugh at it. My wife not ignorant of his manner, perceiving the same privily told him of it, and he being sorry that she saw it, presently amended it. He used also sometimes to punish his body with whips, the cords knotted, which was known only to my wife his eldest daughter, whom for her secrecy above all other he specially trusted, caused her, as need required, to wash the same shirt of hair. Now shortly upon his entry into the high office of the Chancellorship, the King oftsoons again moved him to weigh and consider his greatest matter, who falling down upon his knees, humbly besought his Highness to stand his gracious Sovereign, as ever since his entry into his gracious service he had found him, saying, "There was nothing in the world had been so grievous to his heart, as to remember he was not able, as he willingly would with the loss of one of his limbs, for that matter to find anything whereby he could serve his Grace's contentment, as he that always bare in mind the most godly words, that his Highness spake unto him at his first coming into his noble service, the most virtuous lesson that ever prince taught his servant, willing him first to look unto God, and after God to him, as in good faith," he said, "he did, or else might his Grace well account him his most unworthy servant." To this the King answered, "that if he could not with his conscience serve him, he was content to accept his service otherwise, and use the advice of other his learned Council, whose con-

sciences could well enough agree thereto, he would nevertheless continue his gracious favour towards him, and never with that matter molest his conscience after." But Sir Thomas More in process of time seeing the King fully determined to proceed forth in the marriage of Queen Anne, and when he with the bishops and nobles of the Higher House of Parliament, were, for the furtherance of that marriage, commanded by the King to go down to the Common House to show to them both what the Universities as well of other parts beyond the seas, as at Oxford and Cambridge had done in that behalf, and their seals also testifying the same: all which matters, at the King's request (not showing of what mind himself was therein), he opened to the Lower House of the Parliament: nevertheless doubting less further attempts should after follow, which, contrary to his conscience, by reason of his office he was likely to be put unto, he made suit to the Duke of Norfolk, his singular dear friend, to be a mean to the King, that he might, with his Grace's favour, be discharged of that chargeable room of Chancellorship, wherein for certain infirmities of his body, he pretended himself unable any longer to serve. This Duke coming on a time to Chelsea to dine with him, fortuned to find him at church singing in the choir with a surplice on his back; to whom after service, as they went home together arm in arm, the Duke said, "God body, God body (my Lord Chancellor) a parish clerk, a parish clerk, you dishonour the King and his office." "Nay," quoth Sir Thomas More, smiling upon the Duke, "your Grace

may not think, that the King, your master and mine, will with me for serving God his Master be offended, or thereby count his office dishonoured." When the Duke, being thereunto solicited by importunate suit, had at length obtained for Sir Thomas More a clear discharge of his office, then at a time convenient, by his Highness' appointment, repaired he to his Grace, to yield up unto him the great seal, which, as his Grace with thanks and praise for his worthy service in that office courteously at his hands received, so pleased it his Highness to say more unto him, that for the good service he before had done him in any suit which he should after have unto him, that either should concern his honour (for that word it liked his Highness to use unto him) or that should appertain unto his profit, he would find his Highness a good and gracious lord unto him. After he had thus given over his Chancellorship, and placed all his gentlemen and yeomen with bishops and noblemen, and his eight watermen with the Lord Audley, that after in the same office succeeded him to whom also he gave his great barge, then calling us that were his children unto him, and asking our advice, how we might now, in this decay of his ability, by the surrender of his office so impaired, that he could not, as he was wont, and gladly would bear out the whole charges of them all himself, from henceforth be able to live and continue together, as he wished we should, when he saw us all silent, and in that case not ready to show our opinions unto him, "Then will I" (said he) "show my poor mind unto you. I have been brought up at Oxford,

at an Inn of Chancery, at Lincoln's Inn, and in the King's Court, so forth from the lowest degree to the highest, and yet have I in yearly revenues little more than one hundred pounds by the year at this present left me. So that we must hereafter, if we like to live together. But by my counsel it shall not be best for us to fall to the lowest fare first. We will not therefore descend to Oxford fare, nor to the fare of New Inn, but we will begin with Lincoln's Inn diet, where many right worshipful and of good years do live full well, which if we find not ourselves the first year able to maintain, then will we the next year after go one step down to New Inn fare, wherewith many an honest man is well contented. If that exceed our ability too, then will we the next year after descend to Oxford fare, where many grave, ancient, and learned Fathers be conversant continually, which if our ability stretch not to maintain neither, then may we yet with bags and wallets go a-begging together, and hoping that for pity some good folks will give their charity at every man's door to sing *salve Regina*, and so still keep company merrily together." And whereas you have heard before he was by the King from a very worshipful living taken unto his Grace's service, with whom all the great and weighty causes that concerned his Highness, or the Realm, he consumed and spent with painful cares, travail, and trouble as well beyond the seas, as within the Realm, in effect the whole substance of his life, yet with all the gain he got thereby (being never no wasteful spender thereof) was he not able, after the resignation

of his office of the Lord Chancellor, for the maintenance of himself, and such as necessarily belonged unto him, sufficiently to find meat, drink, fuel, apparel, and such other necessary charges. All the land that ever he purchased before he was Lord Chancellor, was not, I am well assured, above the value of twenty marks by the year, and after his debts paid he had not I know (his chain excepted) in gold and silver left him the worth of one hundred pounds. And whereas upon the holidays, during High Chancellorship, one of his gentlemen, when service at the church was down, ordinarily used to come to my Lady, his wife's pew, and say, "Madam, my Lord is gone," the next holiday after the surrender of his office, and departure of his gentlemen he came unto my Lady, his wife's pew, himself, and making a low curtsey, said unto her, "Madam, my Lord is gone." In the time somewhat before his trouble, he would talk with his wife and children of the joys of heaven and the pains of hell, of the lives of holy martyrs, and of their grievous martyrdom, of their marvellous patience, and of their passions and deaths, that they suffered rather than they would offend God, and what an happy and a blessed thing it was for the love of God to suffer loss of goods, imprisonment, loss of lands, and life also. He would further say unto them, that upon his faith if he might perceive his wife and children would encourage him to die in a good cause, it should so comfort him, that for very joy thereof it would make him merrily to run to death. He showed them afore what trouble might fall unto him wherewith, and the

like virtuous talk he had so long before his trouble encouraged them, that when he after fell in the trouble indeed, his trouble to him was a great deal the less, *quia spicula prævisa minus lædunt*. Now upon this resignment of his office came Sir Thomas Cromwell (then in the King's high favour) to Chelsea to him on a message from the King, wherein when they had thoroughly communed together, "Mr Cromwell" (quoth he), "you are now entered into the service of a most noble, wise, and liberal prince; if you will follow my poor advice, you shall, in counsel giving unto his Grace, ever tell him what he ought to do, but never tell him what he is able to do, so shall you show yourself a true faithful servant, and a right worthy Councillor. For if the lion knew his own strength, hard were it for any man to rule him." Shortly thereupon was there a commission directed to Cranmer, then Archbishop of Canterbury to determine the matter of the matrimony between the King and Queen Katherine at St Alban's, where according to the King's mind that was throughly finished, who pretending that he had no justice at the Pope's hands, from thenceforth sequestered himself from the See of Rome, and so married the Lady Anne Bullen, which Sir Thomas More understanding, said unto me, "God give grace, son, that these matters within a while be not confirmed with oaths." I at that time seeing no likelihood thereof, yet fearing lest for his forespeaking that would the sooner come to pass, waxed therefore for his saying much offended with him. It fortuned not

long before the coming of the Queen Anne through the streets of London from the Tower to Westminster to her Coronation, that he received a letter from the Bishops of Durham, Bath, and Winchester, requesting him to bear them company from the Tower to the Coronation, and also to take £20 that by the bearer thereof they had sent him to buy him a gown with, which he thankfully received, and at home still tarrying, at their next meeting said merrily unto them, "My Lords, in the letters which you lately sent me, you required two things of me, the one whereof since I was so well contented to grant you, the other therefore I thought I might be the bolder to deny you."

In continuance when the King saw that he could by no manner of benefits win him to his side, then went he about by terrors and threats to drive him thereunto, the beginning of which trouble grew by occasion of a certain nun dwelling in Canterbury, for her virtue and holiness among the people not a little esteemed, unto whom for that cause many religious persons, Doctors of Divinity, and divers other of good worship of the laity used to resort, who affirming that she had revelations from God to give the King warning of his wicked life, and of the abuses of the sword and authority committed to him by God, and understanding my Lord of Rochester, Bishop Fisher, to be a man of notable virtuous living and learning, repaired to Rochester, and there disclosed unto him all her revelations, desiring his advice and counsel therein, which the Bishop perceiving might well stand with the laws of God and his Church ad-

vised her (as she before had warning and intended) to go to the King herself, and to let him understand the whole circumstance thereof, whereupon she went unto the King, and told him all her revelations, and returned home again. And in short space after, she making a voyage to the Nun of Sion by the means of one Mr Reynolds a father of that house there fortuned concerning such secrets as she had revealed unto her, some part whereof seemed to touch the matter of the King's supremacy and marriage (which shortly thereupon followed) to enter into talk with Sir Thomas More; who notwithstanding he might well at that time without danger of any law (though after, as himself had prognosticated before, those matters were established by statutes and confirmed by oaths) freely and safely have talked with her therein; nevertheless, in all the communication between them (as in process of time it appeared) had always so discreetly demeaned himself, that he deserved not to be blamed, but contrariwise to be commended and praised. And had he not been one that in all his great office, and doings for the King and Realm together, had from all corruption of wrong doing, or bribes taking, kept himself so clear, that no man was able therewith to blemish him, it would without doubt (in this troublesome time of the King's wrath and indignation towards him) have been deeply laid to his charge, and of the King's Highness favourably accepted, as in the case of one Parnell that most manifestly appeared: against whom Sir Thomas More while he was Lord Chancellor, at the suit of one Vaughan his adversary

had made a decree. This Parnell to the King's Highness had grievously complained that Sir Thomas More, for making the decreee, had of the same Vaughan (unable for the gout to travel abroad himself) by the hands of his wife taken a fair great gilt cup for a bribe, who thereupon by the King's appointment being called before the Council, where that matter was heinously laid to his charge, forthwith confessed, that forasmuch as that cup was long after the aforesaid decree brought unto him for a new year's gift, he upon her importunate pressing upon him, therefore of courtesy refused not to take it. Then the Lord of Wiltshire (for hatred of his religion preferrer of this suit) with much rejoicing said unto the Lords, "Lo my Lords, lo, did I not tell you that you should find this matter true?" Whereupon Sir Thomas More desired their worships, that as they had courteously heard him tell the one part of his tale, so they would vouchsafe of their honours indifferently to hear the other, after which obtained, he further declared unto them, that albeit indeed he had with much work received that cup, yet immediately thereupon he caused his butler to fill that with wine, and of that cup drank to her, and that when she had pledged him, then as freely as her husband had given it unto him, even so freely gave he the same unto her again, to give unto her husband for his new year's gift, which at his instant request, though much against her will, yet at length she was fain to receive, as herself and certain other there presently deposed before them. Thus was the great mountain turned

scarce unto a mole-hill. So I remember that another time on a new year's day there came unto him one Mrs Crocker, a rich widow (for whom with no small pains he had made a decree in the Chancery against the Lord of Arundel) to present him with a pair of gloves and £40 in angels in them for a new year's gift, of whom he thankfully received the gloves, but refusing the money said unto her, "Mistress, since that were against good manners to forsake a gentlewoman's new year's gift, I am content to receive your gloves, but as for your money I utterly refuse:" so much against her mind enforced he her to take her gold again. And one Mr Gresham likewise having a cause depending in the Chancery against him, sent him for a new year's gift a fair gilt cup, the fashion whereof he very well liking caused one of his own (though not in his fantasy of so good a fashion) yet better in value, to be brought out of his chamber, which he willed the messenger to deliver to his mistress in recompense, and under other conditions would he in no wise receive it. Many things more of like effect for the declaration of his innocence and clearness from corruption, or evil affection, could I here rehearse besides, which for tediousness omitting, I refer to the readers by these few fore-remembered examples with their own judgments wisely to consider. At this Parliament was there put into the Lords' House a bill to attaint the nun, and divers other religious persons of high treason; and the Bishop of Rochester, Sir Thomas More, and certain others of misprision of treason: the King presup-

posing of likelihood this bill would be to Sir Thomas More so troublous and terrible, that that would force him to relent and condescend to his request, wherein his Grace was much deceived. To which bill Sir Thomas More was a suitor personally to be received in his own defence to make answer, but the King not liking that, assigned the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Norfolk, and Mr Cromwell, at a day and place appointed to call Sir Thomas More before them, at which time I thinking I had good opportunity, earnestly advised him to labour unto these Lords for the help of his discharge out of the Parliament Bill; who answered me, he would: and at his coming before them according to their appointment, they entertained him very friendly, willing him to sit down with them, which in no wise he would. Then began the Lord Chancellor to declare unto him how many ways the King had showed his love and favour towards him, how fain he would have had him continue in his office, how glad he would have been to have heaped more benefits upon him, and finally, how he could ask no worldly honour, or profit at his Highness' hands, that were likely to be denied him; hoping by the declaration of the King's kindness and favour towards him to provoke him to recompense his Grace with the like again, and unto those things that the Parliament, the Bishops, and Universities had already passed to yield his consent. To this Sir Thomas More mildly answered saying, "No man living is there (my Lords) that would with better will do the thing that should be acceptable to the

King's Highness than I, which must needs confess his manifold benefits, and bountiful goodness most benignly bestowed on me. Howbeit I verily hoped that I should never have heard of this matter more, considering that I have from time to time always from the beginning so plainly and truly declared my mind unto his Grace, which his Highness to me ever seemed, like a most gracious prince, very well to accept, never minding, as he said, to molest me more therewith. Since which time any further thing that was able to move me to any change could I never find, and if I could, there is none in all the world that could have been gladder of it than I." Many things more were there of like sort on both sides uttered. But in the end when they saw they could by no means of persuasions remove him from his former determinations, then began they more terribly to touch him, telling him that the King's Highness had given them in commandment (if they could by no gentleness win him) in his name with his great ingratitude to charge him, that never was there servant to his master so villainous, nor subject to his prince so traitorous as he. For he by his subtle sinister sleights, most unnaturally procuring and provoking him to set forth a book of the assertion of Seven Sacraments, and in maintenance of the Pope's authority, had caused him to his dishonour throughout all Christendom to put a sword in the Pope's hands to fight against himself. When they had thus laid forth all the terrors they could imagine against him: "My Lords" (quoth he) "These terrors be

the arguments for children, and not for me. But to answer that wherewith you do chiefly burden me, I believe the King's Highness of his honour will never lay that to my charge. For none is there that in that point can say more in mine excuse than his Highness himself, who right well knoweth that I was never procurer or councillor of his Majesty thereunto, but after that it was finished, by his Grace's appointment, and consent of the makers of the same, only a sorter out, and placer of the principal matters therein contained; wherein when I found the Pope's authority highly advanced, and with strong arguments mightily defended, I said unto his Grace, *I must put your Grace in remembrance of one thing, and that is this, The Pope (as your Grace knoweth) is a Prince as you are, and in league with all other Christian Princes, that may hereafter so fall out, that your Grace and he may vary upon some points of the league, whereupon may grow some breach of amity and war between you both; I think it best therefore that that place be amended, and his authority more slenderly touched.* Nay (quoth his Grace) that it shall not, we are so much bounden unto the See of Rome, that we cannot do too much honour unto it. Then did I put him further in remembrance of the statute of Praemunire, whereby a good part of the Pope's pastoral cure here was paid away. To that answered his Highness, *whatsoever impediment be to the contrary, we will set forth that authority to the uttermost. For we received from that See our Crown Imperial;* which till his Grace with his own mouth told me I never heard

of before. So that I trust when his Grace shall be truly informed of this, and call to his gracious remembrance my doings in that behalf, his Highness will never speak of it more, but clear me throughly therein himself." And thus displeasantly departed they. Then took Sir Thomas More his boat towards his house at Chelsea, wherein by the way he was very merry, and for that was I nothing sorry, hoping that he had gotten himself discharged out of the Parliament Bill. When he was come home, then walked we two alone into his garden together, where I desirous to know how he had sped, said, "Sir, I trust all is well, because you are so merry." "That is so, indeed (son Roper) I thank God" (quoth he). "Are you put out of the Parliament Bill then?" said I. "By my troth (son Roper)," quoth he, "I never remembered it." "Never remembered it, Sir?" quoth I. "A case that toucheth yourself so near, and us all for your sake. I am sorry to hear it. For I verily trusted when I saw you so merry, that all had been well." Then said he, "Wilt thou know, son Roper, why I was so merry?" "That would I gladly, Sir," quoth I. "In good faith I rejoice, son," (quoth he), "that I had given the devil so foul a fall, and that with those Lords I had gone so far, as, without great shame, I could never go back again." At which words waxed I very sad. For though himself liked it well, yet liked it me but a little. Now upon the report made by the Lord Chancellor, and the other Lords unto the King of all their whole discourse had with Sir Thomas More, the

King was so highly offended with him, that he plainly told them he was fully determined the said Parliament Bill should undoubtedly proceed forth against him. To whom my Lord Chancellor and the rest of the Lords said, that they perceived the Lords of the Upper House so precisely bent to hear him, in his own case, make answer for himself, that if he were not put out of the Parliament Bill, it would without fail be utterly an overthrow of all. But for all this needs would the King have his own will therein, or else he said that at the passing thereof he would be personally present himself. Then the Lord Audley and the rest, seeing him so vehemently set thereupon, on their knees most humbly besought his Majesty to forbear the same, considering, that if he should in his own presence receive an overthrow, it would not only encourage his subjects ever after to contemn him, but also throughout all Christendom, redound to his dishonour for ever, adding thereunto, that they mistrusted not in time to find some meet matter to serve his Grace's turn better. For in this case of the nun he was accounted so innocent and clear, that for his dealing therein men reckoned him worthier of praise than reproof. Whereupon at length through their earnest persuasion, he was content to condescend to their petition. And on the morrow after, Mr Cromwell meeting me in the Parliament House willed me to tell my father, that he was put out of the Parliament Bill. But because I had appointed to dine that day in London, I sent the message by my servant to my wife at

Chelsea, whereof when she informed her father, "in faith Meg" (quoth he) "*Quod defertur, non aufertur.*" After this as the Duke of Norfolk and Sir Thomas More chanced to fall in familiar talk together, the Duke said unto him, "By the Mass (Mr More) it is perilous striving with Princes, and therefore I would wish you somewhat to incline to the King's pleasure. For by God's body (Mr More) *Indignatio principis mors est.*" "Is that all, my Lord?" (quoth he). "Is there (in good faith) no more difference between your Grace and me, but that I shall die to-day and you to-morrow?" So fell it out within a month or thereabout after the making of the Statute for the oath of Supremacy and Matrimony, that all the priests of London and Westminster, and no temporal men but he were sent to appear at Lambeth before the Bishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and Secretary Cromwell, Commissioners, there, to tender the oath unto them. Then Sir Thomas More, as his accustomed manner was always ere he entered into any matter of importance (as when he was first chosen of the King's Privy Council, when he was sent Ambassador, appointed Speaker of the Parliament, made Lord Chancellor, or when he took any like weighty matter upon him) to go to the church, and to be confessed, to hear mass, and be housled; so did he likewise in the morning early the selfsame day that he was summoned to appear before the Lords at Lambeth. And whereas he used evermore before, at his departure from his house and children (whom he loved tenderly) to have them bring him to his boat, and there to kiss

them all, and bid them farewell, then would he suffer none of them forth of the gate to follow him, but pulled the wicket after him, and shut them all from him, and with an heavy heart (as by his countenance it appeared) with me, and our four servants, there took his boat towards Lambeth. Wherein sitting still sadly awhile, at the last he rounded me in the ear and said, "Son Roper, I thank our Lord, the field is won." What he meant thereby, then, I wist not. Yet loath to seem ignorant I answered, "Sir, I am thereof very glad." But as I conjectured afterwards it was for that the love he had to God wrought in him so effectually, that it conquered in him all his carnal affectations utterly. At his coming to Lambeth, how wisely he behaved himself before the Commissioners, at the ministration of the oath unto him, may be found in certain letters of his (sent to my wife) remaining in a great book of his works: where by the space of four days, he was betaken to the custody of the Abbot of Westminster, during which time the King consulted with his Council what order were meet to be taken with him. And albeit in the beginning they were resolved, that with an oath not to be known whether he had to the supremacy been sworn, or what he thought thereof, he should be discharged, yet did Queen Anne, by her importunate clamour, so sore exasperate the King against him, that, contrary to his former resolution, he caused the oath of the supremacy to be ministered unto him, who, albeit he made a discreet qualified answer, nevertheless was forthwith committed to the Tower, who as

he was going thitherward, wearing, as he commonly did, a chain of gold about his neck, Sir Richard Cromwell (that had the charge of his conveyance thither) advised him to send home his chain to his wife, or some of his children, "Nay, Sir" (quoth he), "that will I not. For if I were taken in the field by my enemies, I would they should somewhat fare the better by me." At whose landing Mr Lieutenant at the Tower gate was ready to receive him, where the porter demanded of him his upper garment. "Mr Porter" (quoth he) "here it is," and took off his cap and delivered him, saying, "I am very sorry it is no better for you." "Nay, Sir" (quoth the Porter), "I must have your gown," and so was he by Mr Lieutenant conveyed into his lodging, where he called unto him one John Awood his own servant there appointed to attend upon him, who could neither write nor read, and swore him before the Lieutenant that if he should hear, or see him at any time, speak or write any manner of thing against the King, the Council, or the state of the Realm, he should open it to the Lieutenant, that the Lieutenant might incontinent reveal it to the Council. Now when Sir Thomas More had remained in the Tower a little more than a month, my wife, longing to see her father, by her earnest suit at length gat leave to go to him. At whose coming (after the seven psalms and litany said, which whensoever she came to him, ere he fell in talk of any worldly matters, he used accustomably to say with her) among other communication he said unto her, "I believe (Meg) that they that have put me here, ween they have done

me a high displeasure. But I assure you on my faith, mine own dear daughter, if it had not been for my wife and you that be my children, whom I account the chief part of my charge, I would not have failed, long ere this, to have closed myself in as strait a room and straiter too. But since I come hither without mine own desert, I trust that God of his goodness will discharge me of my care, and with his gracious help supply my want among you. I find no cause (I thank God, Meg) to reckon myself in worse case here, than in mine own house. For methinketh God maketh me a wanton, and setteth me on his lap and dandleth me." Thus by his gracious demeanour in tribulations appeared it, that all the troubles that ever chanced unto him by his patient sufferance thereof were to him no painful punishments, but of his patience profitable exercises. And at another time, when he at first questioned with my wife a while of the order of his wife and children, and state of his house in his absence, he asked her how Queen Anne did: "In faith, father" (quoth she), "never better." "Never better, Meg?" quoth he. "Alas (Meg) alas, it pitieth me to remember, in what misery she (poor soul) shortly shall come." After this Mr Lieutenant coming into his chamber to visit him, rehearsed the benefits and friendships that he had many times received at his hands, and how much bounden he was therefore friendly to entertain him and make him good cheer, which since (the case standing as it did) he could not do without the King's indignation, he trusted (he said) he would accept his good will, and such poor cheer as he had. "Mr Lieuten-

ant" (quoth he again), "I verily believe, as you may, so are you my good friend indeed, and would (as you say) with your best cheer entertain me, for the which I most heartily thank you. And assure yourself (Mr Lieutenant)," quoth he, "I do not dislike my cheer, but whensoever I so do, then thrust me out of your doors." Whereas the oath confirming the supremacy and matrimony was by the first statute comprised in few words, the Lord Chancellor and Mr Secretary did of their own heads add more words unto it, to make it appear to the King's ears more pleasant and plausible. And that oath so amplified caused they to be ministered to Sir Thomas More and to all other throughout the Realm, which Sir Thomas perceiving said unto my wife: "I may tell thee (Meg) they that have committed me hither for refusing of the oath, not agreeable with the statute, are not able by their own law to justify my imprisonment. And surely (daughter) it is a great pity that a Christian prince should (by a flexible council ready to follow his affections, and by a weak clergy lacking grace constantly to stand to their learning) with flattery so shameful to be abused." But at length the Lord Chancellor and Mr Secretary, espying their oversight in that behalf, were fain afterwards to find the means that another statute should be made for the confirmation of the oath so amplified with their additions. After Sir Thomas More had given over his office and all other worldly doings therewith, to the intent he might from thenceforth the more quietly set himself to the service of God, then

made he a conveyance for the disposition of his lands, reserving for himself an estate thereof only for the term of his life, and after his decease assuring some part of the same to his wife, some to his son's wife for a jointure, in consideration that she was an inheritrix in possession of more than an hundred pounds land by the year, and some to me and my wife in recompense of our marriage money with divers remainders over, all which conveyance and assurance was perfectly finished long before that matter, whereupon she was attainted, was made an offence, and yet after by statute clearly voided ; and so were all his lands, that he had to his wife and children by the said conveyance in such sort assured, contrary to the order of law, taken away from them, and brought into the King's hands, saving that portion that he had appointed to my wife and me, which although he had in the foresaid conveyance reserved, as he did the rest, for term of his life unto himself, nevertheless, upon further consideration, after by another conveyance he gave that same immediately to me, and my wife in possession. And so because the statute had undone only the first conveyance, giving no more to the King but so much as passed by that, the second conveyance, whereby it was given unto my wife and me, being dated two days after was without the compass of the statute, and so was our portion to us by that means clearly reserved. As Sir Thomas More in the Tower chanced on a time looking out of his window to behold one Mr Reynolds, a religious, learned and virtuous father of Sion, and three monks of the Charterhouse for the matter of the

supremacy going out of the Tower to execution, he, as one longing in that journey to have accompanied them, said unto my wife, then standing there beside him, "Lo, dost thou not see (Meg) that these blessed fathers be now as cheerful going to their deaths, as bridegrooms to their marriages? Wherefore thereby mayest thou see (mine own good daughter) what a difference there is between such as have in effect spent all their days in a strait, hard, penitential, and painful life religiously, and such as have in the world, like worldly wretches, as thy poor father hath done, consumed all the time in pleasure and ease licentiously. For God, considering their long-continued life in most sore and grievous penance, will not longer suffer them to remain here in this vale of misery and iniquity, but speedily hence take them to the fruition of his everlasting deity: whereas thy silly father (Meg) that, like a most wicked caitiff, hath passed forth the whole course of his miserable life most pitifully, God, thinking him not worthy so soon to come to that eternal felicity, leaveth him here yet, still in the world further to be plunged and turmoiled with misery." Within a while after Mr Secretary (coming to him into the Tower from the King) pretended much friendship towards him, and for his comfort told him, that the King's Highness was his good and gracious lord and minded not with any matter, wherein he should have any cause of scruple, from henceforth to trouble his conscience. As soon as Mr Secretary was gone, to express what comfort he conceived of his words, he

wrote with a coal (for ink then he had none) these verses following :—

> "*Ay flattering fortune look you never so fair,*
> *Nor never so pleasantly begin to smile,*
> *As though thou wouldst my ruins all repair*
> *During my life thou shalt not me beguile,*
> *Trust I shall, God, to enter in a while*
> *Thy haven of heaven sure and uniform,*
> *Ever after thy calm look I for no storm.*"

When Sir Thomas More had continued a good while in the Tower, my lady his wife obtained licence to see him, who at her first coming like a simple woman, and somewhat worldly too, with this manner of salutations bluntly saluted him, "What the good year, Mr More," quoth she, "I marvel that you, that have been always hitherunto taken for so wise a man, will now so play the fool to lie here in this close filthy prison, and be content to be shut up among mice and rats, when you might be abroad at your liberty, and with the favour and good will both of the King and his Council, if you would but do as all the bishops and best learned of this Realm have done. And seeing you have at Chelsea a right fair house, your library, your books, your gallery, your garden, your orchards, and all other necessaries so handsomely about you, where you might, in the company of me your wife, your children, and household be merry, I muse what a God's name you mean here still thus fondly to tarry." After he had a while quietly heard her, with a cheerful countenance he said unto her, "I pray thee good Mrs Alice, tell me, tell me one thing."

"What is that?" (quoth she). "Is not this house as nigh heaven as mine own?" To whom she, after her accustomed fashion, not liking such talk, answered, "*Tille valle tille valle.*" "How say you Mrs Alice, is it not so?" quoth he. "*Bone Deus, bone Deus*, man, will this gear never be left?" quoth she. "Well then, Mrs Alice, if it be so, it is very well. For I see no great cause why I should much joy of my gay house, or of anything belonging thereunto, when, if I should but seven years lie buried under the ground, and then arise and come thither again, I should not fail to find some therein that would bid me get me out of the doors, and tell me that were none of mine. What cause have I then to like such an house as would so soon forget his master?" So her persuasions moved him but a little. Not long after came there to him the Lord Chancellor, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, with Mr Secretary, and certain others of the Privy Council at two separate times, by all policies possible procuring him either precisely to confess the supremacy, or precisely to deny it. Whereunto (as appeareth by his examination in the said great book) they could never bring him. Shortly hereupon Mr Rich (afterwards Lord Rich) then newly the King's Solicitor, Sir Richard Southwell, and Mr Palmer, servant to the Secretary, were sent to Sir Thomas More into the Tower, to fetch away his books from him. And while Sir Richard Southwell and Mr Palmer were busy in trussing up of his books, Mr Rich, pretending friendly talk with him, among other things of a set course, as it seemed, said thus unto

him: "Forasmuch as it is well known (Mr More) that you are a man both wise and well learned, as well in the laws of the Realm, as otherwise, I pray you therefore, Sir, let me be so bold as of good will to put unto you this case. Admit there were, Sir," quoth he, "an Act of Parliament, that all the Realm should take me for the King, would not you (Mr More) take me for the King?" "Yes, Sir," quoth Sir Thomas More, "that would I." "I put the case further" (quoth Mr Rich) "that there were an Act of Parliament that all the Realm should take me for the Pope; would then not you, Mr More, take me for the Pope?" "For answer," quoth Sir Thomas More, "to your first case, the Parliament may well (Mr Rich) meddle with the state of temporal princes; but to make answer to your second case, I will put you this case, Suppose the Parliament would make a law, that God should not be God, would you then, Mr Rich, say God were not God?" "No, Sir," quoth he, "that would I not, since no Parliament may make any such law." "No more" (said Sir Thomas More, as Mr Rich reported of him) "could the Parliament make the King supreme head of the Church." Upon whose only report was Sir Thomas More indicted of treason upon the Statute in which it was made treason to deny the King to be supreme head of the Church, into which indictment were put these words, *maliciously, traitorously, and diabolically*. When Sir Thomas More was brought from the Tower to Westminster Hall to answer the indictment, and at the King's Bench bar before the judges thereupon arraigned, he

openly told them that he would upon that indictment have abiden in law, but he thereby should have been driven to confess of himself the matter indeed, which was the denial of the King's supremacy, which he protested was untrue, wherefore thereto he pleaded not guilty, and so reserved unto himself advantage to be taken of the body of the matter after verdict, to avoid that indictment. And moreover added, "if those only odious terms, *maliciously*, *traitorously*, *and diabolically* were put out of the indictment, he saw nothing therein justly to charge him." And for proof to the jury that Sir Thomas More was guilty to this treason, Mr Rich was called by them to give evidence unto them, as he did; against whom Sir Thomas More began in this wise to say: "If I were a man (my Lords) that did not regard an oath, I need not (as it is well known) in this place, at this time, nor in this case to stand as an accused person. And if this oath of yours (Mr Rich) be true, then pray I that I may never see God in the face, which I would not say, were it otherwise, to win the whole world." Then recited he unto the discourse of all their communication in the Tower according to the truth, and said, "In faith, Mr Rich, I am sorrier for your perjury than for mine own peril, and you shall understand that neither I, nor no man else to my knowledge ever took you to be a man of such credit as in any matter of importance I, or any other would at any time vouchsafe to communicate with you. And (as you know) of no small while I have been acquainted with you and your conversation, who have known you from

your youth hitherto. For we long dwelled both in one parish together, where, as yourself can tell (I am sorry you compel me so to say) you were esteemed very light of your tongue, a great dicer, and of not commendable fame. And so in your house at the Temple (where hath been your chief bringing up) were you likewise accounted. Can it therefore seem likely unto your honourable Lordships, that I would, in so weighty a cause, so far overshoot myself, as to trust Mr Rich (a man of me always reputed for one of so little truth, as your Lordships have heard) so far above my sovereign Lord the King, or any of his noble councillors, that I would unto him utter the secrets of my conscience touching the King's supremacy, the special point and only mark at my hands so long sought for? A thing which I never did, nor never would, after the Statute thereof made, reveal it, either to the King's Highness himself or to any of his honourable councillors, as it is not unknown unto your house, at sundry times, and several, sent from his Grace's own person unto the Tower to me for none other purpose. Can this in your judgments (my Lords) seem likely to be true? And if I had so done indeed, my Lords, as Mr Rich hath sworn, seeing it was spoke but in familiar secret talk, nothing affirming, and only in putting of cases, without other displeasant circumstances, it cannot justly be taken to be spoken maliciously. And where there is no malice there can be no offence. And over this I can never think (my Lords) that so many worthy bishops, so many honourable personages, and many other wor-

shipful, virtuous, wise, and well-learned men, as at the making of that law were in the Parliament assembled, ever meant to have any man punished by death, in whom there could be found no malice, taking *malitia pro malevolentia*. For if *malitia* be generally taken for sin, no man is there then that can thereof excuse himself. *Quia si dixerimus quod peccatum non habemus, nosmetipsos seducimus, et veritas in nobis non est.* And only this word *maliciously* is in the Statute material, as this term *forcible* is in the statute of forcible entries; by which statute if a man enter peaceably, and put not his adversary out forcibly, it is no offence, but if he put him out forcibly, then by that statute it is an offence. And so shall he be punished by this term *forcible*. Besides this, the manifold goodness of my sovereign Lord the King's Highness himself, that hath been so many ways my singular good Lord and Gracious Sovereign, that hath so dearly loved me, and trusted me even at my first coming into his noble service with the dignity of his honourable Privy Council, vouchsafing to admit me to offices of great credit, and worship most liberally advanced me, and finally with that weighty room of his Grace's high Chancellorship (the like whereof he never did to temporal man before) next to his own royal person the highest officer in this noble realm, so far above my merits or qualities able and meet therefore, of his incomparable benignity honoured and exalted me by the space of twenty years and more, showing his continual favour towards me; and (until, at mine own poor suit, it pleased his Highness, giving me licence, with his

Majesty's favour, to bestow the residue of my life wholly for the provision of my soul in the service of God, of his special goodness thereof to discharge and unburden me) most benignly heaped honours more and more upon me; all this his Highness' goodness, I say, so long continued towards me, were, in my mind (my Lords), matter sufficient to convince this slanderous surmise (by this) man so wrongfully imagined against me." Mr Rich seeing himself so disproved, and his credit so foully defaced, caused Sir Richard Southwell and Mr Palmer, that at that time of their communication were in the chamber, to be sworn what words had passed betwixt them. Whereupon Mr Palmer on his deposition said, that he was so busy about the trussing up Sir Thomas More's books in a sack, that he took no heed to their talk. Sir Richard Southwell likewise upon his deposition said, that because he was appointed only to look to the conveyance of his books, he gave no ear unto them. After this, were there many other reasons (not now in my remembrance) by Sir Thomas More in his own defence alleged, to the discredit of Mr Rich his foresaid evidence, and proof of the clearness of his own conscience. All which notwithstanding the jury found him guilty, and incontinent upon the verdict the Lord Chancellor (for that matter chief commissioner) beginning in judgment against him, Sir Thomas More said to him, "My Lord, when I was towards the law, the manner in such case was to ask the prisoner before judgment, why judgment should not be given against him?" Whereupon the

Lord Chancellor staying his judgment, wherein he had partly proceeded, demanded of him what he was able to say to the contrary? Who then in this sort mildly made answer: "Forasmuch as, my Lord" (quoth he), "this indictment is grounded upon an Act of Parliament, directly oppugnant to the laws of God and his holy Church, the supreme government of which, or of any part thereof, may no temporal prince presume by any law to take upon him as rightfully belonging to the See of Rome, a spiritual pre-eminence by the mouth of our Saviour himself, personally present upon the earth, to St Peter and his successors, bishops of the same see, by special prerogative, granted, it is therefore in law amongst Christian men insufficient to charge any Christian." And for proof thereof like as amongst divers other reasons and authorities he declared That this Realm, being but one member and small part of the Church, might not make a particular law dischargeable with the general law of Christ's holy Catholic Church, no more than the City of London, being but one poor member in respect of the whole Realm, might make a law against an Act of Parliament to bind the whole Realm unto: so further showed he, that it was contrary both to the laws and statutes of this land, yet unrepealed, as they might evidently perceive in *Magna charta*, *Quod Ecclesia Anglicana libera sit et habeat omnia jura sua integra, et libertates suas illæsas*, and contrary to that sacred oath which the King's Highness himself, and every other Christian prince always at their coronations received, alleging moreover, that no more might this Realm of

England refuse obedience to the See of Rome, than might the child refuse obedience to his natural father. For as St Paul said of the Corinthians, "I have regenerated you my children in Christ," so might St Gregory Pope of Rome (of whom by St Augustine his messenger we first received the Christian faith) of us English men truly say, "You are my children, because I have given to you everlasting salvation, a far better inheritance than any carnal father can leave unto his child, and by spiritual generation have made you my spiritual children in Christ." Then was it thereunto by the Lord Chancellor answered, that seeing all the bishops, universities, and best learned men of the Realm had to this Act agreed, it was much marvelled that he alone against them all would so stiffly stick and vehemently argue there against. To that Sir Thomas More replied saying, "If the number of bishops and universities be so material, as your Lordships seemeth to take it, then see I little cause (my Lords) why that thing in my conscience should make any change. For I nothing doubt, but that though not in this Realm, yet in Christendom about they be not the least part, that be of my mind therein. But if I should speak of those that be already dead (of whom many be now saints in heaven) I am very sure it is the far greater part of them, that all the while they lived, thought in this case that way that I think now. And therefore am I not bound (my Lords) to conform my conscience to the council of one realm against the General Council of Christendom." Now when Sir Thomas More, for the avoiding of the in-

dictment, had taken as many exceptions as he thought meet and more reasons than I can now remember alleged, the Lord Chancellor, loath to have the burden of the judgment wholly to depend upon himself, then openly asked the advice of the Lord Fitz-James, then the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and joined in commission with him, whether this indictment were sufficient or not? Who like a wise man answered, "My Lords all, by St Julian" (that was ever his oath) "I must needs confess, that if the Act of Parliament be not unlawful, then is not the indictment in my conscience insufficient." Whereupon the Lord Chancellor said to the rest of the Lords, "Lo, my Lords, lo, you hear what my Lord Chief Justice saith," and so immediately gave the judgment against him. After which ended, the commissioners yet courteously offered him, if he had anything else to allege for his defence to grant him favourable audience, who answered, "More have I not to say (my Lords) but like as the blessed Apostle St Paul, as we read in the Acts of the Apostles, was present, and consented to the death of St Stephen, and kept their clothes that stoned him to death, and yet be they now both twain holy saints in heaven, and shall continue there friends for ever, so I verily trust and shall therefore right heartily pray, that though your Lordships have now in earth been judges to my condemnation, we may yet hereafter in heaven merrily all meet together to our everlasting salvation." Thus much touching Sir Thomas More's arraignment, being not thereat present myself, have I by the

credible report of Sir Anthony Sumtleger Knight, and partly of Sir Richard Heywood, and John Webb Gentleman, with others of good credit, at the hearing thereof present themselves, as far forth as my poor wit and memory would serve me, here truly rehearsed unto you. Now after this arraignment departed he from the bar to the Tower again, led by Sir William Kingston, a tall, strong, and comely knight, Constable of the Tower, his very dear friend, who when he had brought him from Westminster to the Old Swan towards the Tower, there with a heavy heart, the tears running down his cheeks, bade him farewell. Sir Thomas More seeing him so sorrowful, comforted him with as good words as he could, saying, "Good Mr Kingston, trouble not yourself, but be of good cheer. For I will pray for you, and my good Lady your wife, that we may meet in heaven together, where we shall be merry for ever and ever." Soon after Sir William Kingston talking with me of Sir Thomas More, said, "In faith Mr Roper I was ashamed of myself, that at my departure from your father, I found my heart so feeble, and his so strong, that he was fain to comfort me which should rather have comforted him." When Sir Thomas More came from Westminster to the Towerward again, his daughter my wife, desirous to see her father, whom she thought she should never see in this world after, and also to have his final blessing, gave attendance about the Tower wharf, where she knew he should pass by, ere he could enter into the Tower. There tarrying for his coming home, as soon as she saw him,

after his blessings on her knees reverently received, she, hasting towards, without consideration of care of herself, pressing in amongst the midst of the throng and the Company of the Guard, that with halbards and bills were round about him, hastily ran to him, and there openly in the sight of all them embraced and took him about the neck and kissed him, who well liking her most daughterly love and affection towards him, gave her his fatherly blessing, and many godly words of comfort besides, from whom after she was departed, she not satisfied with the former sight of her dear father, having respect neither to herself, nor to the press of the people and multitude that were about him, suddenly turned back again, and ran to him as before, took him about the neck, and divers times together most lovingly kissed him, and at last with a full heavy heart was fain to depart from him; the beholding whereof was to many of them that were present thereat so lamentable, that it made them for very sorrow to mourn and weep. So remained Sir Thomas More in the Tower more than a seven-night after his judgment. From whence the day before he suffered he sent his shirt of hair, not willing to have it seen, to my wife, his dearly beloved daughter, and a letter, written with a coal, contained in the foresaid book of his works, plainly expressing the fervent desire he had to suffer on the morrow in these words: "I cumber you, good Margaret, much, but I would be sorry if it should be any longer than to-morrow. For to-morrow is St Thomas' even, and the Octave of St Peter, and there-

fore to-morrow long I to go to God, that were a day very meet and convenient for me. And I never liked your manners better, than when you kissed me last. For I like when daughterly love, and dear charity hath no leisure to look to worldly courtesy." And so upon the next morning, being Tuesday, St Thomas' even, and the Octave of St Peter in the year of our Lord God 1537, according as he in his letter the day before had wished, early in the morning came to him Sir Thomas Pope, his singular friend, on message from the King and his Council, that he should before nine of the clock in the same morning suffer death, and that therefore forthwith he should prepare himself thereto. "Mr Pope," saith he, "for your good tidings I most heartily thank you. I have been always bounden much to the King's Highness for the benefits and honours which he hath still from time to time most bountifully heaped upon me, and yet more bounded I am to his Grace for putting me into this place, where I have had convenient time and space to have remembrance of my end, and so help me God most of all, Mr Pope, am I bound to his Highness, that it pleased him so shortly to rid me of the miseries of this wretched world. And therefore will I not fail most earnestly to pray for his Grace both here, and also in another world." "The King's pleasure is further," quoth Mr Pope, "that at your execution you shall not use many words." "Mr Pope" (quoth he), "you do well that you give me warning of his Grace's pleasure. For otherwise had I purposed at that time somewhat to have spoken, but of no matter wherewith his Grace,

or any other should have had cause to be offended. Nevertheless whatsoever I intend I am ready obediently to conform myself to his Grace's commandment. And I beseech you, good Mr Pope, to be a mean unto his Highness, that my daughter Margaret may be present at my burial." "The King is well contented already" (quoth Mr Pope) "that your wife, children, and other friends shall have free liberty to be present thereat." "O how much beholden," then said Sir Thomas More, "am I to his Grace, that unto my poor burial vouchsafeth to have so gracious consideration." Wherewithal Mr Pope taking his leave of him could not refrain from weeping, which Sir Thomas More perceiving, comforted him in this wise, "Quiet yourself, good Mr Pope, and be not discomforted. For I trust that we shall once in heaven see each other full merrily, where we shall be sure to live and love together in joyful bliss eternally." Upon whose departure Sir Thomas More, as one that had been invited to a solemn feast, changed himself into his best apparel; which Mr Lieutenant espying, advised him to put it off, saying, That he that should have it was but a worthless fellow. "What Mr Lieutenant" (quoth he), "shall I account him a worthless fellow, that will do me this day so singular a benefit? Nay, I assure you, were it cloth of gold I would account it well bestowed on him, as St Cyprian did, who gave his executioner thirty pieces of gold." And albeit at length, through Mr Lieutenant's persuasions, he altered his apparel, yet, after the example of that holy martyr St Cyprian, did he of that little

money that was left him, send one angel of gold to his executioner. And so was he brought by Mr Lieutenant out of the Tower, and from thence led towards the place of execution, where going up the scaffold, which was so weak that it was ready to fall, he said to Mr Lieutenant, "I pray you, I pray you, Mr Lieutenant, see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself." Then desired he all the people thereabouts to pray for him, and to bear witness with him, that he should then suffer death in and for the faith of the holy Catholic Church, which done he kneeled down, and after his prayers said, he turned to the executioner, and with a cheerful countenance spake unto him, "Pluck up thy spirits, man, and be not afraid to do thine office, my neck is very short. Take heed therefore thou shoot not awry for saving thine honesty." So passed Sir Thomas More out of this world to God upon the very same day in which himself had most desired. Soon after whose death came intelligence thereof to the Emperor Charles, whereupon he sent for Sir Thomas Eliott, our English Ambassador, and said unto him, "My Lord Ambassador, we understand that the King your master hath put his faithful servant and grave wise councillor Sir Thomas More to death." Whereunto Sir Thomas Eliott answered, that he understood nothing thereof. "Well," said the Emperor, "it is very true, and this will we say, that if we had been master of such a servant, of whose doings ourselves have had these many years no small experience, we would rather have lost the best city of our dominions, than have lost

such a worthy councillor." Which matter was by Sir Thomas Eliott to myself, to my wife, to Mr Clement and his wife, to Mr John Haywood and his wife, and divers others of his friends accordingly reported.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF SIR THOMAS MORE

Chelsea, June 18th.

. . . . . .

On asking Mr *Gunnel* to what Use I should put this fayr *Libellus*, he did suggest my making it a Kinde of family Register, wherein to note the more important of our domestick Passages, whether of Joy or Griefe—my Father's Journies and Absences—the Visits of learned Men, theire notable Sayings, etc. "You are ready at the Pen, Mistress *Margaret*," he was pleased to say; "and I woulde humblie advise your journalling in the same fearless Manner in the which you framed that Letter which soe well pleased the *Bishop of Exeter*, that he sent you a Portugal Piece. 'Twill be well to write it in English, which 'tis expedient for you not altogether to negleckt, even for the more honourable Latin.

Methinks I am close upon Womanhood. . . . "Humblie advise," quotha! to me that have so oft humblie sued for his Pardon, and sometimes in vayn!

'Tis well to make trial of *Gonellus* his "humble" Advice: albeit, our daylie Course is so methodicall, that 'twill afford scant Subject for the Pen—*Vitam continet una Dies.*

. . . As I traced the last Word, methoughte I heard the well-known Tones of *Erasmus* his pleasant Voyce; and, looking forthe of my Lattice, did indeede beholde the deare little Man coming up from the River Side with my Father, who, because of the Heat, had given his Cloak to a tall Stripling behind him to bear. I flew up Stairs, to advertise Mother, who was half in and half out of her grogram Gown, and who stayed me to clasp her Owches; so that, by the Time I had followed her down Stairs, we founde 'em alreadie in the Hall.

So soon as I had kissed their Hands, and obtayned their Blessings, the tall Lad stept forthe, and who should he be but *William Roper*, returned from my Father's Errand over-seas! He hath grown hugelie, and looks mannish; but his Manners are worsened insteade of bettered by forayn Travell; for, insteade of his old Franknesse, he hung upon Hand till *Father* bade him come forward; and then, as he went his Rounds, kissing one after another, stopt short when he came to me, twice made as though he would have saluted me, and then held back, making me looke so stupid, that I could have boxed his Ears for his Payns. 'Speciallie as *Father* burst out a-laughing, and cried, "The third Time's lucky!"

After Supper, we took deare *Erasmus* entirely over the House, in a Kind of family Procession, e'en from the Buttery and Scalding-house to our own deare *Academia*, with its cool green Curtain flapping in the Evening Breeze, and blowing aside, as though on Purpose to give a glimpse of the cleare-shining

Thames! *Erasmus* noted and admired the Stone Jar, placed by *Mercy Giggs* on the Table, full of blue and yellow Irises, scarlet Tiger-Lilies, Dog-Roses, Honeysuckles, Moonwort, and Herb-Trinity; and alsoe our various Desks, eache in its own little Retirement,—mine own, in speciall, so pleasantly situate! He protested, with everie Semblance of Sincerity, he had never seene so pretty an Academy. I should think not, indeede! *Bess*, *Daisy*, and I, are of Opinion, that there is not likelie to be such another in the World. He glanced, too, at the Books on our Desks; *Bessy's* being *Livy*; *Daisy's Sallust*; and mine St *Augustine*, with *Father's* Marks where I was to read, and where desist. He tolde *Erasmus*, laying his Hand fondlie on my Head, "Here is one who knows what is implied in the Word Trust." Dear *Father*, well I may! He added, "there was no Law against laughing in *his Academia*, for that his Girls knew how to be merry and wise."

From the House to the new Building, the Chapel and Gallery, and thence to visitt all the dumb Kinde, from the great horned Owls to *Cecy's* pet Dormice. *Erasmus* was amused at some of theire Names, but doubted whether *Duns Scotus* and the *Venerable Bede* woulde have thoughte themselves complimented in being made Name-Fathers to a couple of Owls; though he admitted that *Argus* and *Juno* were goode Cognomens for Peacocks. *Will Roper* hath broughte Mother a pretty little forayn Animal called a Marmot, but she sayd she had noe Time for suchlike Playthings, and bade him give it to his little Wife.

Methinks, I being neare sixteen and he close upon twenty, we are too old for those childish Names now, nor am I much flattered at a Present not intended for me; however, I shall be kind to the little Creature, and, perhaps, grow fond of it, as 'tis both harmlesse and diverting.

To return, howbeit, to *Erasmus: Cecy,* who had hold of his Gown, and had alreadie, through his familiar Kindnesse and her own childish Heedlessness, somewhat transgrest Bounds, began now in her Mirthe to fabricate a Dialogue, she pretended to have overhearde, between *Argus* and *Juno* as they stoode pearcht on a stone Parapet. *Erasmus* was entertayned with her Garrulitie fôr a while, but at length gentlie checkt her, with "Love the Truth, little Mayd, love the Truth, or, if thou liest, let it be with a Circumstance," a Qualification which made *Mother* stare and *Father* laugh.

Sayth *Erasmus*, "There is no Harm in a Fabella, Apologus, or Parabola, so long as its Character be distinctlie recognised for such, but contrariwise, much Goode; and the same hath been sanctioned, not only by the wiser Heads of *Greece* and *Rome*, but by our deare Lord Himself. Therefore, *Cecilie*, whom I love exceedinglie, be not abasht, child, at my Reproof, for thy Dialogue between the two Peacocks was innocent no less than ingenious, till thou wouldst have insisted that they, in sooth, sayd Something like what thou didst invent. Therein thou didst Violence to the Truth, which St *Paul* hath typified by a Girdle, to be worn next the Heart, and that not only

confineth within due Limits, but addeth Strength. So now be Friends; wert thou more than eleven and I no Priest, thou shouldst be my little Wife, and darn my Hose, and make me sweet Marchpane, such as thou and I love. But, oh! this pretty *Chelsea!* What Daisies! what Buttercups! what joviall Swarms of Gnats! The Country all about is as nice and flat as *Rotterdam.*"

Anon, we sit down to rest and talk in the Pavilion.

Sayth *Erasmus* to my *Father*, "I marvel you have never entered into the King's Service in some publick Capacitie, wherein your Learning and Knowledge, bothe of Men and Things, would not onlie serve your own Interest, but that of your Friends and the Publick."

Father smiled and made Answer, "I am better and happier as I am. As for my Friends, I alreadie do for them alle I can, soe as they can hardlie consider me in their Debt; and, for myself, the yielding to theire Solicitations that I would putt myself forward for the Benefit of the World in generall, would be like printing a Book at Request of Friends, that the Publick may be charmed with what, in Fact, it values at a Doit. The Cardinall offered me a Pension, as retaining Fee to the King a little while back, but I tolde him I did not care to be a mathematical Point, to have Position without Magnitude."

Erasmus laught and sayd, "I woulde not have you the Slave of anie King; howbeit, you mighte assist him and be useful to him."

"The Change of the Word," sayth *Father*, "does

not alter the Matter; I should *be* a Slave, as completely as if I had a Collar rounde my Neck."

"But would not increased Usefulnesse," says *Erasmus* "make you happier?"

"Happier?" says *Father*, somewhat heating; "how can that be compassed in a Way so abhorrent to my Genius? At present, I live as I will, to which very few Courtiers can pretend. Half-a-dozen blue-coated Serving-Men answer my Turn in the House, Garden, Field, and on the River: I have a few strong Horses for Work, none for Show, plenty of plain Food for a healthy Family, and enough, with a hearty Welcome, for a score of Guests that are not dainty. The lengthe of my Wife's Train infringeth not the Statute; and, for myself, I soe hate Bravery, that my Motto is, 'Of those whom you see in Scarlet, not one is happy.' I have a regular Profession, which supports my House, and enables me to promote Peace and Justice; I have Leisure to chat with my Wife, and sport with my Children; I have Hours for Devotion, and Hours for Philosophie and the liberall Arts, which are absolutelie medicinall to me, as Antidotes to the sharpe but contracted Habitts of Mind engendered by the Law. If there be aniething in a Court Life which can compensate for the Losse of anie of these Blessings, deare *Desiderius*, pray tell me what it is, for I confesse I know not."

"You are a comicall Genius," says *Erasmus*.

"As for you," retorted *Father*, "you are at your olde Trick of arguing on the wrong Side, as you did the firste Time we mett. Nay, don't we know you

can declaime backward and forwarde on the same Argument, as you did on the *Venetian* War?"

Erasmus smiled quietlie, and sayd, "What coulde I do? The *Pope* changed his holy Mind." Whereat *Father* smiled too.

"What Nonsense you learned Men sometimes talk!" pursues *Father*. "I—wanted at Court, quotha! Fancy a dozen starving Men with one roasted Pig betweene them;—do you think they would be really glad to see a Thirteenth come up, with an eye to a small Piece of the Crackling? No; believe me, there is none that Courtiers are more sincerelie respectfull to than the Man who avows he hath no Intention of attempting to go Shares; and e'en him they care mighty little about, for they love none with true Tendernesse save themselves."

"We shall see you at Court yet," says *Erasmus*.

Sayth *Father*, "Then I will tell you in what Guise. With a Fool's Cap and Bells. Pish! I won't aggravate you, Churchman as you are, by alluding to the Blessings I have which you have not; and I trow there is as much Danger in taking you for serious when you are onlie playful and ironicall as if you were *Plato* himself."

Sayth *Erasmus*, after some Minutes' Silence, "I know full well that you holde *Plato*, in manie Instances, to be sporting when I accept him in very Deed and Truth. *Speculating* he often was; as a brighte, pure Flame must needs be struggling up, and, if it findeth no direct Vent, come forthe of the Oven's Mouth. He was like a Man shut into a

Vault, running hither and thither, with his poor, flickering Taper, agonizing to get forthe, and holding himself in readinesse to make a Spring forward the Moment a Door should open. But it never did. 'Not manie Wise are called.' He had clomb a Hill in the Darke, and stoode calling to his Companions below, 'Come on, come on! this Way lies the East; I am avised we shall see the Sun rise anon.' But they never did. What a Christian he woulde have made! Ah! he is one now. He and *Socrates*—the Veil long removed from their Eyes—are sitting at *Jesus*' Feet. *Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis!*"

Bessie and I exchanged Glances at this so strange Ejaculation; but the Subjeckt was of such Interest, that we listened with deep Attention to what followed.

Sayth *Father*, "Whether *Socrates* were what *Plato* painted him in his Dialogues, is with me a great Matter of Doubte; but it is not of Moment. When so many Contemporaries coulde distinguishe the fancifulle from the fictitious, *Plato's* Object coulde never have beene to *deceive*. There is something higher in Art than gross Imitation. He who attempteth it is always the leaste successfull; and his Failure hath the Odium of a discovered Lie; whereas, to give an avowedlie fabulous Narrative a Consistence within itselfe which permitts the Reader to be, for the Time, voluntarilie deceived, is as artfulle as it is allowable. Were I to construct a Tale, I woulde, as you sayd to *Cecy*, lie with a Circumstance, but shoulde consider it noe Compliment to have my

Unicorns and Hippogriffs taken for live Animals. *Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, magis tamen amica Veritas.* Now, *Plato* had a much higher Aim than to give a very Pattern of *Socrates* his snub Nose. He wanted a Peg to hang his Thoughts upon——"

"A Peg? A Statue by *Phidias*," interrupts *Erasmus.*

"A Statue by *Phidias*, to clothe in the most beautiful Drapery," sayth *Father;* "no Matter that the Drapery was his own, he wanted to show it to the best Advantage, and to the Honour rather than Prejudice of the Statue. And, having clothed the same, he got a Spark of *Prometheus* his Fire, and made the aforesayd Statue walk and talk, to the Glory of Gods and Men, and sate himself quietlie down in a Corner. By the Way, *Desiderius*, why shouldst thou not submitt thy Subtletie to the Rules of a Colloquy? Set *Eckius* and *Martin Luther* by the Ears! Ha! Man, what sport! Heavens! if I were to compound a Tale or a Dialogue, what Crotchets and Quips of mine own woulde I not putt into my Puppets' Mouths! and then have out my Laugh behind my Vizard, as when we used to act Burlesques before *Cardinall Morton.* What rare Sporte we had, one Christmas, with a Mummery we called the 'Triall of Feasting'! *Dinner* and *Supper* were broughte up before my *Lord Chief Justice*, charged with Murder. Theire Accomplices were *Plum-pudding*, *Mincepye*, *Surfeit*, *Drunkenness*, and suchlike. Being condemned to hang by the Neck, I, who was *Supper*, stuft out with I cannot tell you how many Pillows, began to call

lustilie for a Confessor; and on his stepping forthe, commenct a List of all the Fitts, Convulsions, Spasms, Payns in the Head, and so forthe, I had inflicted on this one and t'other. 'Alas! good Father,' says I, '*King John* layd his Death at my Door;—indeede, there's scarce a royall or noble House that hath not a Charge agaynst me; and I'm sorelie afrayd' (giving a Poke at a fat Priest that sate at my *Lord Cardinall's* Elbow) 'I shall have the Death of *that* holy Man to answer for.'"

Erasmus laughed, and sayd, "Did I ever tell you of the Retort of *Willibald Pirkheimer?* A Monk, hearing him praise me somewhat lavishly to another, could not avoid expressing by his Looks great Disgust and Dissatisfaction; and, on being askt whence they arose, confest he could not, with Patience, heare the Commendation of a Man soe notoriously fond of eating Fowls. 'Does he steal them?' says *Pirkheimer*. 'Surely no,' says the Monk. 'Why, then,' quoth *Willibald*, 'I know of a Fox who is ten times the greater Rogue; for, look you, he helps himself to many a fat Hen from my Roost without ever offering to pay me. But tell me now, dear Father, is it then a Sin to eat Fowls?' 'Most assuredlie it is,' says the Monk, 'if you indulge in them to Gluttony.' 'Ah! if, if!' quoth *Pirkheimer*. 'If stands stiff, as the *Lacedemonians* told *Philip* of *Macedon;* and 'tis not by eating Bread alone, my dear Father, you have acquired that huge Paunch of yours. I fancy, if all the fat Fowls that have gone into it could raise their Voices and cackle at once, they woulde make Noise

enow to drown the Drums and Trumpets of an Army.' Well may *Luther* say," continued *Erasmus*, laughing, "that theire fasting is easier to them than our eating to us; seeing that every Man Jack of them hath to his Evening Meal two Quarts of Beer, a Quart of Wine, and as manie as he can eat of Spice Cakes, the better to relish his Drink. While I . . . 'tis true my Stomach is Lutheran, but my Heart is Catholic; that's as Heaven made me, and I'll be judged by you alle, whether I am not as thin as a Weasel."

'Twas now growing dusk, and *Cecy's* tame Hares were just beginning to be on the alert, skipping across our Path, as we returned towards the House, jumping over one another, and raysing 'emselves on theire hind Legs to solicitt our Notice. *Erasmus* was amused at theire Gambols, and at our making them beg for Vine-tendrils; and *Father* told him there was hardlie a Member of the Householde who had not a dumb Pet of some Sort. "I encourage the Taste in them," he sayd, "not onlie because it fosters Humanitie and affords harmlesse Recreation, but because it promotes Habitts of Forethoughte and Regularitie. No child or Servant of mine hath Liberty to adopt a Pet which he is too lazy or nice to attend to himself. A little Management may enable even a young Gentlewoman to do this, without soyling her Hands; and to negleckt giving them proper Food at proper Times entayls a Disgrace of which everie one of 'em would be ashamed. But, hark! there is the Vesper-bell."

As we passed under a Pear-tree, *Erasmus* told us,

with much Drollerie, of a Piece of boyish Mischief of his,—the Theft of some Pears off a particular Tree, the Fruit of which the Superior of his Convent had meant to reserve to himself. One Morning, *Erasmus* had climbed the Tree, and was feasting to his great Content, when he was aware of the Superior approaching to catch him in the Fact; soe, quickly slid down to the Ground, and made off in the opposite Direction, limping as he went. The Malice of this Act consisted in its being the Counterfeit of the Gait of a poor lame Lay Brother, who was, in fact, smartlie punisht for *Erasmus* his Misdeede. Our Friend mentioned this with a Kinde of Remorse, and observed to my *Father*,—"Men laugh at the Sins of young People and little Children, as if they were little Sins; albeit, the Robbery of an Apple or Cherry-orchard is as much a breaking of the Eighth Commandment as the stealing of a Leg of Mutton from a Butcher's Stall, and ofttimes with far less Excuse. Our Church tells us, indeede, of Venial Sins, such as the Theft of an Apple or a Pin; but, I think," (looking hard at *Cecilie* and *Jack*,) "even the youngest among us could tell how much Sin and Sorrow was brought into the World by stealing an Apple."

At Bedtime, *Bess* and I did agree in wishing that alle learned Men were as apt to unite Pleasure with Profit in theire Talk as *Erasmus*. There be some that can write after the Fashion of Paul, and others preach like unto Apollos; but this, methinketh, is scattering Seed by the Wayside, like the Great Sower.

Tuesday.

'Tis singular, the Love that *Jack* and *Cecy* have for one another; it resembleth that of Twins. *Jack* is not forward at his Booke; on the other Hand, he hath a Resolution of Character which *Cecy* altogether wants. Last night, when *Erasmus* spake of Children's Sins, I observed her squeeze *Jack's* Hand with alle her Mighte. I know what she was thinking of. Having bothe beene forbidden to approach a favourite Part of the River Bank which had given way from too much Use, one or the other of 'em transgressed, as was proven by the smalle Footprints in the Mud, as well as by a Nosegay of Flowers, that grow not, save by the River; to wit, Purple Loosestrife, Cream-and-codlins, Scorpion-grass, Water Plantain, and the like. Neither of 'em woulde confesse, and *Jack* was, therefore, sentenced to be whipt. As he walked off with Mr *Drew*, I observed *Cecy* turn soe pale, that I whispered *Father* I was certayn she was guilty. He made Answer, "Never mind, we cannot beat a Girl, and 'twill answer the same Purpose; in flogging him, we flog both. *Jack* bore the firste Stripe or two, I suppose, well enow, but at lengthe we hearde him cry out, on which *Cecy* coulde not forbeare to doe the same, and then stopt bothe her Ears. I expected everie Moment to heare her say, "*Father*, 'twas I;" but no, she had not Courage for that; onlie, when *Jack* came forthe all smirched with Tears, she put her Arm about his Neck, and they walked off together

into the Nuttery. Since that Hour, she hath beene more devoted to him than ever, if possible ; and he, Boy-like, finds Satisfaction in making her his little Slave. But the Beauty lay in my *Father's* Improvement of the Circumstance. Taking *Cecy* on his Knee that Evening, (for she was not ostensiblie in Disgrace,) he beganne to talk of Atonement and Mediation for Sin, and who it was that bare our Sins for us on the Tree. 'Tis thus he turns the daylie Accidents of our quiet Lives into Lessons of deepe Import, not pedanticallie delivered, *ex cathedrâ*, but welling forthe from a full and fresh Mind.

This Morn I had risen before Dawn, being minded to meditate on sundrie Matters before *Bess* was up and doing, she being given to much Talk during her dressing, and made my Way to the Pavilion, where, methought, I should be quiet enow ; but beholde! *Father* and *Erasmus* were there before me, in fluent and earneste Discourse. I would have withdrawne, but *Father*, without interrupting his Sentence, puts his Arm rounde me and draweth me to him ; soe there I sit, my Head on 's Shoulder, and mine Eyes on *Erasmus* his Face.

From much they spake, and othermuch I guessed, they had beene conversing on the present State of the Church, and how much it needed Renovation.

Erasmus sayd, the Vices of the Clergy and Ignorance of the Vulgar had now come to a Poynt, at the which, a Remedie must be founde, or the whole Fabric would falle to Pieces.

—Sayd, the Revival of Learning seemed appoynted

by Heaven for some greate Purpose, 'twas difficulte to say how greate.

—Spake of the new Art of Printing, and its possible Consequents.

—Of the active and fertile Minds at present turning up new Ground and ferreting out old Abuses.

—Of the Abuse of Monachism, and of the evil Lives of Conventualls. In special, of the Fanaticism and Hypocrisie of the Dominicans.

Considered the Evills of the Times such, as that Societie must shortlie, by a vigorous Effort, shake 'em off.

Wondered at the Patience of the Laitie for soe many Generations, but thoughte 'em now wakinge from theire Sleepe. The People had of late begunne to know theire physickall Power, and to chafe at the Weighte of theire Yoke.

Thoughte the Doctrine of Indulgences altogether bad and false.

Father sayd, that the graduallie increast Severitie of Church Discipline concerning minor Offences had become such as to render Indulgences the needfulle Remedie for Burthens too heavie to be borne.—Condemned a Draconic Code, that visitted even Sins of Discipline with the extream Penaltie. Quoted how ill such excessive Severitie answered in our owne Land, with regard to the Civill Law; twenty Thieves oft hanging together on the same Gibbet, yet Robberie noe Whit abated.

Othermuch to same Purport, the which, if alle set downe, woulde too soon fill my Libellus. At length,

unwillinglie brake off, when the Bell rang us to Matins.

At Breakfaste, *William* and *Rupert* were earneste with my *Father* to let 'em row him to *Westminster*, which he was disinclined to, as he was for more Speede, and had promised *Erasmus* an earlie Caste to *Lambeth;* howbeit, he consented that they should pull us up to *Putney* in the Evening, and *William* should have the Stroke-oar. *Erasmus* sayd, he must thank the *Archbishop* for his Present of a Horse; "tho' I'm full faine," he observed, "to believe it a Changeling. He is idle and gluttonish, as thin as a Wasp, and as ugly as Sin. Such a Horse, and such a Rider!"

In the Evening *Will* and *Rupert* had made 'emselves spruce enow, with Nosegays and Ribbons, and we tooke Water bravelie;—*John Harris* in the Stern, playing the Recorder. We had the six-oared Barge; and when *Rupert Allington* was tired of pulling, Mr *Clement* tooke his Oar; and when *he* wearied, *John Harris* gave over playing the Pipe; but *William* and Mr *Gunnel* never flagged.

Erasmus was full of his Visitt to the *Archbishop*, who, as usuall I think, had given him some Money

"We sate down two hundred to Table," sayth he; "there was Fish, Flesh, and Fowl; but *Wareham* onlie played with his Knife, and drank noe Wine. He was very cheerfulle and accessible; he knows not what Pride is; and yet, of how much mighte he be proude! What Genius! What Erudition! what Kindnesse and Modesty! From *Wareham*, who ever departed in Sorrow?"

Landing at *Fulham*, we had a brave Ramble thro' the Meadows. *Erasmus*, noting the poor Children a gathering the Dandelion and Milk-thistle for the Herb-market was avised to speak of forayn Herbes and theire Uses, bothe for Food and Medicine.

"For me," says *Father*, "there is manie a Plant I entertayn in my Garden and Paddock which the Fastidious woulde cast forthe. I like to teache my Children the Uses of common Things—to know, for Instance, the Uses of the Flowers and Weeds that grow in our Fields and Hedges. Manie a poor Knave's Pottage woulde be improved, if he were skilled in the Properties of the Burdock and Purple Orchis, Lady's-smock, Brook-lime, and Old Man's Pepper. The Roots of Wild Succory and Water Arrow-head mighte agreeablie change his Lenten Diet; and Glasswort afford him a Pickle for his Mouthfulle of Salt-Meat. Then, there are Cresses and Wood-sorrel to his Breakfast, and Salep for his hot evening Mess. For his Medicine, there is Herb-twopence, that will cure a hundred Ills; Camomile, to lull a raging Tooth; and the Juice of Buttercup to cleare his Head by sneezing. Vervain cureth Ague; and Crowfoot affords the leaste painfulle of Blisters. St *Anthony's* Turnip is an Emetic; Goose-grass sweetens the Blood; Woodruffe is good for the Liver; and Bindweed hath nigh as much Virtue as the forayn Scammony. Pimpernel promoteth Laughter; and Poppy, Sleep; Thyme giveth pleasant Dreams; and an ashen Branch drives evil Spirits from the Pillow. As for Rosemarie, I lett it run

alle over my Garden Walls, not onlie because my Bees love it, but because 'tis the Herb sacred to Remembrance, and, therefore, to Friendship, whence a Sprig of it hath a dumb Language that maketh it the chosen Emblem at our Funeral Wakes, and in our Buriall Grounds. Howbeit, I am a Schoolboy prating in Presence of his Master, for here is *John Clement* at my Elbow, who is the best Botanist and Herbalist of us all."

—Returning Home, the Youths being warmed with rowing, and in high Spiritts did entertayn themselves and us with manie Jests and Playings upon Words, some of 'em forced enow, yet provocative of Laughing. Afterwards, Mr *Gunnell* proposed Enigmas and curious Questions. Among others, he woulde know which of the famous Women of Greece or Rome we Maidens would resemble. *Bess* was for *Cornelia*, *Daisy* for *Clelia*, but I for *Damo*, Daughter of *Pythagoras*, which *William Roper* deemed stupid enow, and thoughte I mighte have found as good a Daughter, that had not died a Maid: Sayth *Erasmus*, with his sweet, inexpressible Smile, "Now I will tell you, Lads and Lasses, what manner of Man *I* would be, if I were not *Erasmus*. I woulde step back some few Years of my Life, and be half-way 'twixt thirty and forty; I would be pious and profounde enow for the Church, albeit noe Churchman; I woulde have a blythe, stirring, English Wife, and half-a-dozen merrie Girls and Boys, an English Homestead, neither Hall nor Farm, but betweene bothe; neare enow to the Citie for Convenience, but away from its Noise. I

woulde have a Profession, that gave me some Hours daylie of regular Businesse, that should let Men know my Parts, and court me into Publick Station, for which my Taste made me rather withdrawe. I woulde have such a private Independence, as should enable me to give and lend, rather than beg and borrow. I woulde encourage Mirthe without Buffoonerie, Ease without Negligence; my Habitt and Table shoulde be simple, and for my Looks I woulde be neither tall nor short, fat nor lean, rubicund nor sallow, but of a fayr Skin with blue Eyes, brownish Beard, and a Countenance engaging and attractive, soe that alle of my Companie coulde not choose but love me."

"Why, then, you woulde be *Father* himselfe," cries *Cecy*, clasping his Arm in bothe her Hands with a Kind of Rapture; and, indeede, the Portraiture was soe like, we coulde not but smile at the Resemblance.

Arrived at the Landing, *Father* protested he was wearie with his Ramble; and, his Foot slipping, he wrenched his Ankle, and sate for an Instante on a Barrow, the which one of the Men had left with his Garden-tools, and before he could rise or cry out, *William*, laughing, rolled him up to the House-door; which, considering *Father's* Weight, was much for a Stripling to doe. *Father* sayd the same, and, laying his Hand on *Will's* Shoulder with Kindnesse, cried, "Bless thee, my Boy, but I woulde not have thee overstrayned like *Biton* and *Cleobis*."

June 20.

THIS Morn, hinting to *Bess* that she was lacing herselfe too straitlie, she brisklie replyed, "One would think 'twere as great Meritt to have a thick Waiste as to be one of the earlie Christians!"

These humourous Retorts are ever at her Tongue's end; and albeit, as *Jacky* one Day angrilie remarked when she had beene teazing him, "*Bess* thy Witt is Stupidness;" yet, for one who talks soe much at Random, no one can be more keene when she chooseth. *Father* sayd of her, half fondly, half apologeticallie, to *Erasmus*, "Her Witt hath a fine Subtletie that eludes you almoste before you have Time to recognise it for what it really is." To which *Erasmus* readilie assented, adding, that it had the rare Meritt of playing less on Persons than Things, and never on bodilie Defects.

Hum!—I wonder if they ever sayd as much in Favour of me. I know, indeede, *Erasmus* calls me a forward Girl. Alas! that may be taken in two Senses.

Grievous Work, overnighte, with the churning. Nought would persuade *Gillian* but that the Creame was bewitched by *Gammer Gurney*, who was dissatisfyde last Friday with her Dole, and hobbled away mumping and cursing. At alle Events, the Butter would not come; but *Mother* was resolute not to have soe much good Creame wasted; soe sent for *Bess* and me, *Daisy* and *Mercy Giggs;* and insisted

on our churning in turn till the Butter came, if we sate up alle Night for't. 'Twas a hard Saying; and mighte have hampered her like as *Jephtha* his rash Vow: howbeit, soe soone as she had left us, we turned it into a Frolick, and sang *Chevy Chase* from end to end, to beguile Time; ne'erthelesse, the Butter would not come; soe then we grew sober and, at the Instance of sweete *Mercy*, chaunted the 119th Psalme; and, by the Time we had attained to "*Lucerna Pedibus*," I hearde the Buttermilk separating and splashing in righte earnest. 'Twas neare Midnighte, however; and *Daisy* had fallen asleep on the Dresser. *Gillian* will ne'er be convinced but that our Latin brake the Spell.

21*st.*

ERASMUS went to *Richmond* this Morning with *Polus* (for sœ he Latinizes *Reginald Pole*, after his usual Fashion), and some other of his Friends. On his Return, he made us laugh at the following. They had clomb the Hill, and were admiring the Prospect, when *Pole*, casting his Eyes aloft, and beginning to make sundrie Gesticulations, exclaimed, "What is it I beholde? May Heaven avert the Omen!" with suchlike Exclamations, which raised the Curiositie of alle. "Don't you beholde," cries he, "that enormous Dragon flying through the Sky? his Horns of Fire? his curly Tail?"

"No," says *Erasmus*, "nothing like it. The Sky is as cleare as unwritten Paper."

Howbeit, he continued to affirme and to stare, untill at lengthe, one after another, by dint of straynning theire Eyes and theire Imaginations, did admitt, first, that they saw Something; next, that it mighte be a Dragon; and last, that it was. Of course, on theire Passage homeward, they could talk of little else—some made serious Reflections; others, philosophicall Speculations; and *Pole* waggishly triumphed in having beene the Firste to discern the Spectacle.

"And you trulie believe there was a Signe in the Heavens?" we inquired of *Erasmus*.

"What know I?" returned he smiling; "you know, *Constantine* saw a Cross. Why shoulde *Polus* not see a Dragon? We must judge by the Event. Perhaps its Mission may be to fly away with *him*. He swore to the curly Tail."

How difficulte it is to discerne the supernatural from the incredible! We laughe at *Gillian's* Faith in our Latin; *Erasmus* laughs at *Polus* his Dragon. Have we a righte to believe noughte but what we can see or prove? Nay, that will never doe. *Father* says a Capacitie for reasoning increaseth a Capacitie for believing. He believes there is such a Thing as Witchcraft, though not that poore olde *Gammer Gurney* is a Witch; he believes that Saints can work Miracles, though not in alle the Marvels reported of the *Canterbury* Shrine.

Had I beene Justice of the Peace, like the King's Grandmother, I would have beene very jealous of Accusations of Witchcraft; and have taken infinite Payns to sift out the Causes of Malice, Jealousie, &c.,

which mighte have wroughte with the poore olde Women's Enemies. *Holie Writ* sayth, "Thou shalt not suffer a Witch to live;" but, questionlesse, manie have suffered Hurte that were noe Witches; and for my Part, I have alwaies helde ducking to be a very uncertayn as well as very cruel Teste.

I cannot helpe smiling, whenever I think of my Rencounter with *William* this Morning. Mr *Gunnell* had set me *Homer's* tiresome List of Ships; and, because of the excessive Heate within Doors, I took my Book into the Nuttery, to be beyonde the Wrath of far-darting *Phœbus Apollo*, where I clomb into my favourite Filbert Seat. Anon comes *William* through the Trees without seeing me; and seats him at the Foot of my Filbert; then, out with his Tablets, and, in a Posture I should have called studdied, had he known anie one within Sighte, falls a poetizing, I question not. Having noe Mind to be interrupted, I lett him be, thinking he would soone exhaust the Vein; but a Caterpillar dropping from the Leaves on to my Page, I was fayn, for Mirthe sake, to shake it down on his Tablets. As ill Luck would have it, however, the little Reptile onlie fell among his Curls; which soe took me at Vantage that I coulde not helpe hastilie crying, "I beg your Pardon." 'Twas worth a World to see his Start! "Why!" cries he, looking up, "are there indeede *Hamadryads?*" and would have gallanted a little, but I bade him hold down his Head, while that with a Twig I switched off the Caterpillar. Neither coulde forbeare laughing; and then he sued me to step downe, but I was

minded to abide where I was. Howbeit, after a Minute's Pause, he sayd, in a grave, kind Tone, "Come, little Wife;" and taking mine Arm steadilie in his Hand, I lost my Balance and was faine to come down whether or noe. We walked for some Time *juxta Fluvium*; and he talked not badlie of his Travels, insomuch as I founde there was really more in him than one would think.

—Was there ever Aniething soe perverse, unluckie, and downrighte disagreeable? We hurried our Afternoon Tasks, to goe on the Water with my *Father*; and, meaning to give Mr *Gunnel* my *Latin* Traduction, which is in a Booke like unto this, I never knew he had my Journalle insteade, untill that he burst out a laughing. "Soe this is the famous *Libellus*," quoth he. . . . I never waited for another Word, but snatcht it out of his Hand; which he, for soe strict a Man, bore well enow. I do not believe he could have read a Dozen Lines, and they were towards the Beginning; but I should hugelie like to know which Dozen Lines they were.

Hum! I have a Mind never to write another Word. That will be punishing myselfe, though, insteade of *Gunnel*. And he bade me not take it to Heart like the late *Bishop of Durham*, to whom a like Accident befel, which soe annoyed him that he died of Chagrin. I will never again, howbeit, write Aniething savouring ever soe little of Levitie or Absurditie. The Saints keepe me to it! And, to know it from my Exercise Book, I will henceforthe bind a blue Ribbon round it. Furthermore, I will knit the sayd Ribbon

in soe close a Knot, that it shall be worth no one else's Payns to pick it out. Lastlie, and for entire Securitie, I will carry the Same in my Pouch, which will hold bigger Matters than this.

22*nd*.

THIS Daye, at Dinner, Mr. *Clement* tooke the Pistoller's Place at the Reading-desk; and, insteade of continuing the Subject in Hand, read a Paraphrase of the 103rde Psalm; the Faithfulnesse and elegant Turne of which, *Erasmus* highlie commended, though he took Exceptions to the Phrase "renewing thy Youth like that of the Phœnix," whose fabulous Story he believed to have beene unknowne to the Psalmist, and, therefore, however poeticall, unfitt to be introduced. A deepe Blush on sweet *Mercy's* Face ledd to the Detection of the Paraphrast, and drew on her some deserved Commendations. *Erasmus*, turning to my *Father* exclaymed with Animation, "I wouldе call this House the Academy of *Plato*, were it not Injustice to compare it to a Place where the usuall Disputations concerning Figures and Numbers were onlie occasionallie intersperst with Disquisitions concerning the moral Virtues." Then, in a graver Mood, he added, "One mighte envie you, but that your precious Privileges are bound up with soe paynfulle Anxieties. How manie Pledges have you given to Fortune!"

"If my Children are to die out of the Course of

Nature, before theire Parents," *Father* firmly replyed, "I would rather they died well-instructed than ignorant."

"You remind me," rejoyns *Erasmus*, of *Phocion;* whose Wife, when he was aboute to drink the fatal Cup, exclaimed, 'Ah, my Husband! you die innocent. And woulde you, my Wife,' he returned, 'have me die guilty?'"

Awhile after, *Gonellus* askt leave to see *Erasmus* his Signet-ring, which he handed down to him. In passing it back, *William*, who was occupyde in carving a Crane, handed it soe negligentlie that it felle to the Ground. I never saw such a Face as *Erasmus* made, when 'twas picked out from the Rushes! And yet, ours are renewed almost daylie, which manie think over nice. He took it gingerlie in his faire, Woman-like Hands, and washed and wiped it before he put it on; which escaped not my Step-mother's displeased notice. Indeede, these *Dutchmen* are scrupulouslie cleane, though *Mother* calls 'em swinish, because they will eat raw Sallets; though, for that Matter, *Father* loves Cresses and Ramps. She alsoe mislikes *Erasmus* for eating Cheese and Butter together with his Manchet; or what he calls *Boetram;* and for being, generallie, daintie at his Sizes, which she sayth is an ill Example to soe manie young People, and becometh not one with soe little Money in 's Purse: howbeit, I think 'tis not Nicetie, but a weak Stomach, which makes him loathe our Salt-meat Commons from Michaelmasse to Easter, and eschew Fish of the coarser Sort. He cannot breakfaste on colde Milk,

like *Father*, but liketh Furmity a little spiced. At Dinner, he pecks at, rather than eats, Ruffs and Reeves, Lapwings, or anie smalle Birds it may chance; but affects Sweets and Subtilties, and loves a Cup of Wine or Ale, stirred with Rosemary. *Father* never toucheth the Wine-cup but to grace a Guest, and loves Water from the Spring. We growing Girls eat more than either; and *Father* says he loves to see us slice away at the Cob-loaf; it does him goode. What a kind Father he is! I wish my *Step-mother* were as kind. I hate all sneaping and snubbing, flowting, fleering, pinching, nipping, and such-like; it onlie creates Resentment insteade of Penitence, and lowers the Minde of either Partie. *Gillian* throws a Rolling-pin at the Turnspit's Head, and we call it Low-life; but we looke for such Unmannerlinesse in the Kitchen. A Whip is onlie fit for *Tisiphone*.

As we rose from Table, I noted *Argus* pearcht on the Window-sill, eagerlie watching for his Dinner, which he looketh for as punctuallie as if he could tell the Diall; and to please the good, patient Bird, till the Scullion broughte him his Mess of Garden-stuff, I fetched him some Pulse, which he took from mine Hand, taking good Heede not to hurt me with his sharp Beak. While I was feeding him, *Erasmus* came up, and asked me concerning *Mercy Giggs;* and I tolde him how that she was a friendlesse Orphan, to whom deare *Father* afforded Protection and the run of the House; and tolde him of her Gratitude, her Meekness, her Patience, her Docilitie, her Aptitude for alle goode Works and Alms-deeds; and how, in

her little Chamber, she improved eache spare Moment in the Way of Studdy and Prayer. He repeated Friendlesse? she cannot be called Friendlesse, who hath *More* for her Protector, and his Children for Companions;" and then woulde heare more of her Parents' sad Story. Alsoe, would hear somewhat of *Rupert Allington*, and how *Father* gained his Lawsuit. Alsoe, of *Daisy*, whose Name he tooke to be the true Abbreviation for *Margaret*, but I tolde him how that my Step-sister, and *Mercy*, and I, being all three of a Name, and I being alwaies called *Meg*, we had in Sport given one the Significative of her characteristic Virtue, and the other that of the French *Marguerite*, which may indeed be rendered either Pearl or Daisy. And *Chaucer*, speaking of our English Daisy, saith

"*Si doute est la Marguerite.*"

23*rd.*

Since the little Wisdom I have Capacitie to acquire, soe oft gives me the Headache to Distraction, I marvel not at *Jupiter's* Payn in his Head, when the Goddess of Wisdom sprang therefrom full growne.

This Morn, to quiet the Payn brought on by too busie Application, Mr *Gunnel* would have me close my Book and ramble forth with *Cecy* into the Fields. We strolled towards *Walham Greene;* and she was seeking for Shepherd's Purses and Shepherd's Needles, when she came running back to me, looking rather

pale. I askt what had scared her, and she made answer that *Gammer Gurney* was coming along the Hedge. I bade her set aside her Feares; and anon we came up with *Gammer*, who was pulling at the purple Blossoms of the Deadly Nightshade. I sayd, "*Gammer*, to what Purpose gather that Weed? knowest not 'tis Evill?"

She sayth, mumbling, "What GOD hath created, that call not thou evill."

"Well, but," quo' I, "'tis Poison."

"Aye, and Medicine too," returns *Gammer*. "I wonder what we poor Souls might come to, if we tooke Nowt for our Ails and Aches but what we could buy o' the Potticary. We've got no Dr *Clement*, we poor Folks, to be our Leech o' the Household."

"But hast no Feare," quo' I, "of an Over-dose?"

"There's manie a Doctor," sayth she, with an unpleasant Leer, "that hath given that at first. In Time he gets his Hand in; and I've had a Plenty o' Practice —Thanks to Self and Sister."

"I knew not," quoth I, "that thou hadst a Sister."

"How should ye, Mistress," returns she shortlie, "when ye never comes nigh us? We've grubbed on together this many a Year."

"'Tis soe far," I returned, half ashamed.

"Why, soe it be," answers *Gammer*; "far from Neighbours, far from Church, and far from Priest; howbeit, my old Legs carries me to *your* House o' Fridays; but I know not whither I shall e'er come agayn—the Rye Bread was soe hard last Time; it may serve for young Teeth, and for them as has got none; but mine, you see, are onlie on the *goe*;" and

she opened her Mouth with a ghastly Smile. "'Tis not," she added, "that I'm ungratefulle; but thou sees, Mistress, I really *can't* eat Crusts."

After a moment, I asked, "Where lies your Dwelling?"

"Out by yonder," quoth she, pointing to a shapeless Mass like a huge Bird's Nest in the Corner of the Field. "There bides poor *Joan* and I. Wilt come and looke within, Mistress, and see how a Christian can die?"

I mutelie complyed, in spite of *Cecy's* pulling at my Skirts. Arrived at the wretched Abode, which had a Hole for its Chimney, and another for Door at once and Window, I found, sitting in a Corner, propped on a Heap of Rushes, dried Leaves, and olde Rags, an aged sick Woman, who seemed to have but a little While to live. A Mug of Water stoode within her Reach; I saw none other Sustenance; but in her Visage, oh, such Peace! . . . Whispers *Gammer* with an awfulle Look, "She sees 'em now!"

"Sees who?" quoth I.

"Why, Angels in two long Rows, afore the Throne of GOD, a bending of themselves, this Way, with theire Faces to th' Earth, and Arms stretched out afore 'em."

"Hath she seen a Priest?" quoth I.

"LORD love ye," returns *Gammer*, "what coulde a Priest doe for her? She's in Heaven alreadie. I doubte if she can heare me." And then, in a loud distinct Voyce, quite free from her usuall Mumping, she beganne to recite in *English*, "Blessed is every

one that feareth the LORD, and walketh in His Ways," etc.; which the dying Woman hearde, although alreadie speechlesse; and reaching out her feeble Arm unto her Sister's Neck, she dragged it down till their Faces touched; and then, looking up, pointed at Somewhat she aimed to make her see . . . and we alle looked up, but saw Noughte. Howbeit, she pointed up three severall Times, and lay, as it were, transfigured before us, a gazing at some transporting Sighte, and ever and anon turning on her Sister Looks of Love; and, the While we stoode thus agaze, her Spiritt passed away without even a Thrill or a Shudder. *Cecy* and I beganne to weepe; and, after a While, soe did *Gammer;* then, putting us forthe, she sayd, "Goe, Children, goe: 'tis noe goode crying; and yet I'm thankfulle to ye for your Teares."

I sayd, "Is there Aught we can doe for thee?"

She made Answer, "Perhaps you can give me Tuppence, Mistress, to lay on her poor Eyelids and keep 'em down. Bless 'ee, bless 'ee! You're like the good Samaritan—he pulled out Twopence. And maybe, if I come to 'ee To-morrow, you'll give me a Lapfulle of Rosemarie, to lay on her poor Corpse. . . . I know you've Plenty. GOD be with 'ee, Children; and be sure ye mind how a Christian can die."

Soe we left, and came Home sober enow. *Cecy* sayth, "To die is not so fearfulle, *Meg*, as I thoughte, but shoulde *you* fancy dying without a Priest? I shoulde not; and yet *Gammer* sayd she wanted not one.

Howbeit for certayn, *Gammer Gurney* is noe Witch, or she woulde not soe prayse GOD."

To conclude, *Father*, on hearing Alle, hath given *Gammer* more than enow for her present Needes; and *Cecy* and I are the Almoners of his Mercy.

June 24th.

YESTERNIGHTE, being *St John's Eve*, we went into Town to see the mustering of the Watch. Mr *Rastall* had secured us a Window opposite the *King's Head*, in *Chepe*, where theire Majestys went in State to see the Show. The Streets were a Marvell to see, being like unto a Continuation of fayr Bowres or Arbours, garlanded acrosse and over the Doors with greene Birch, long Fennel, Orpin, St *John's* Wort, white Lilies, and such like; with innumerable Candles intersperst, the which, being lit up as soon as 'twas Dusk, made the Whole look like enchanted Land; while, at the same Time, the leaping over Bon-fires commenced, and produced Shouts of Laughter. The Youths woulde have had *Father* goe downe and joyn 'em; *Rupert*, speciallie, begged him hard, but he put him off with, "Sirrah, you Goose-cap, dost think twoulde befitt the Judge of the *Sheriffs' Court?*"

At length, to the Sound of Trumpets, came marching up *Cheapside* two Thousand of the Watch, in white Fustian, with the City Badge; and seven hundred Cressett Bearers, eache with his Fellow to supplie him with Oyl, and making, with theire flaring

Lights, the Night as Cleare as Daye. After 'em, the Morris-dancers and City Waites; the Lord Mayor on horseback, very fine, with his Giants and Pageants; and the Sheriff and his Watch, and *his* Giants and Pageants. The Streets very uproarious on our way back to the Barge, but the homeward Passage delicious; the Nighte Ayre cool; and the Stars shining brightly. *Father* and *Erasmus* had some astronomick Talk; howbeit, methoughte *Erasmus* less familiar with the heavenlie Bodies than *Father* is. Afterwards they spake of the King, but not over-freelie, by reason of the Bargemen overhearing. Thence, to the ever-vext Question of *Martin Luther*, of whome *Erasmus* spake in Terms of earneste, yet qualifyde Prayse.

"If *Luther* be innocent," quoth he, "I would not run him down by a wicked Faction; if he be in Error, I would rather have him reclaymed than destroyed; for this is most agreeable to the Doctrine of our deare Lord and Master, who woulde not bruise the broken Reede, nor quenche the smoking Flax." And much more to same Purpose.

We younger Folks felle to choosing our favourite Mottoes and Devices, in which the Elders at length joyned us. *Mother's* was loyal—"Cleave to the Crown though it hang on a Bush." *Erasmus's* pithie —"*Festina lente*." *William* sayd he was indebted for his to St. *Paul*—"I seeke not yours, but you." For me, I quoted one I had seene in an olde Countrie Church, "*Mieux être que paroître*," which pleased *Father* and *Erasmus* much.

June 25th.

Poor *Erasmus* caughte colde on the Water last Nighte, and keeps House to-daye, taking warm Possets. 'Tis my Week of Housekeeping under Mother's Guidance, and I never had more Pleasure in it; delighting to suit his Taste in sweete Things, which, methinks, all Men like. I have enow of Time left for Studdy, when alle's done.

He hathe beene the best Part of the Morning in our Academia, looking over Books and Manuscripts, taking Notes of some, discoursing with Mr *Gunnel* on others; and, in some Sorte, interrupting our Morning's Work; but how pleasantlie! Besides, as *Father* sayth, "Varietie is not always Interruption. That which occasionallie lets and hinders our accustomed Studdies, may prove to the ingenious noe less profitable than theire Studdies themselves."

They beganne with discussing the Pronunciation of Latin and Greek, on which *Erasmus* differeth much from us, though he holds to our Pronunciation of the *Theta*. Thence, to the absurde Partie of the *Ciceronians* now in *Italie*, who will admit noe Author save *Tully* to be read nor quoted, nor any Word not in his Writings to be used. Thence to the Latinitie of the *Fathers*, of whose Style he spake slightlie enow, but rated *Jerome* above *Augustine*. At length, to his *Greek* and *Latin Testament*, of late issued from the Presse, and the incredible Labour it hath cost him to make it as perfect as possible: on this Subject he so warmed

that *Bess* and I listened with suspended Breath. "May it please GOD," sayth he, knitting ferventlie his Hands, "to make it a Blessing to all Christendom! I look for noe other Reward. Scholars and Believers yet unborn may have Reason to thank, and yet may forget *Erasmus*." He then went on to explain to *Gunnel* what he had much felt in want of, and hoped some Scholar might yet undertake; to wit, a Sort of *Index Bibliorum*, showing in how manie Passages of Holy Writ occurreth anie given Word, etc.; and he e'en proposed it to *Gunnel*, saying 'twas onlie the Work of Patience and Industry, and mighte be laid aside, and resumed as Occasion offered, and completed at Leisure, to the great Thankfullenesse of Scholars. But *Gunnel* onlie smiled and shooke his Head. Howbeit, *Erasmus* set forth his Scheme soe playnlie, that I, having a Pen in Hand, did privilie note down alle the Heads of the same, thinking, if none else would undertake it, why should not I? since Leisure and Industrie were alone required, and since 'twoulde be soe acceptable to manie, 'speciallie to *Erasmus*.

June 29th.

HEARDE *Mother* say to *Barbara*, "Be sure the Sirloin is well basted for the King's Physician;" which avised me that Dr *Linacre* was expected. In Truth, he returned with *Father* in the Barge; and they tooke a Turn on the River Bank before sitting down to Table. I noted them from my Lattice; and anon, *Father*, beckoning me, cries, "Child, bring out my favourite

Treatyse on Fisshynge, printed by *Wynkyn de Worde*; I must give the Doctor my loved Passage."

Joyning 'em with the Booke, I found *Father* telling him of the Roach, Dace, Chub, Barbel, etc., we oft catch opposite the Church; and hastilie turning over the Leaves, he beginneth with Unction to read the Passage ensuing, which I love to the full as much as he:—

He observeth, if the Angler's Sport shoulde fail him, "he at the best hathe his holsom Walk and mery at his Ease, a swete Ayre of the swete Savour of the Meade of Flowers, that maketh him hungry; he heareth the melodious Harmonie of Fowles, he seeth the young Swans, Herons, Ducks, Cotes, and manie other Fowles, with theire Broods, which me seemeth better than alle the Noise of Hounds, Faukenors, and Fowlers can make. And if the Angler take Fysshe, then there is noe Man merrier than he is in his Spryte." And, "Ye shall not use this foresaid crafty Disporte for no covetysnesse in the encreasing and sparing of your Money onlie, but pryncipallie for your Solace, and to cause the Health of your Bodie, and speciallie of your Soule, for when ye purpose to goe on your Disportes of Fysshynge, ye will not desire greatlie manie Persons with you, which woulde lett you of your Game. And thenne ye may serve God devoutlie, in saying affectuouslie your customable Prayer; and thus doing, ye shall eschew and voyd manie Vices."

"Angling is itselfe a Vice," cries *Erasmus*, from the Thresholde; "for my Part I will fish none, save and except for pickled Oysters."

"In the Regions below," answers *Father;* and then laughinglie tells *Linacre* of his firste Dialogue with *Erasmus*, who had beene feasting in my Lord Mayor's Cellar:—"'Whence come you?' 'From below.' 'What were they about there?' 'Eating live Oysters and drinking out of Leather Jacks.' 'Either you are *Erasmus*,' etc. 'Either you are *More* or Nothing.'"

"'Neither more nor less,' you should have rejoyned," sayth the Doctor.

"How I wish I had!" says *Father;* "don't torment me with a Jest I might have made and did not make; 'speciallie to put downe *Erasmus*."

"*Concedo nulli*," sayth *Erasmus*.

"Why are you so lazy?" asks *Linacre;* "I am sure you can speak English if you will."

"Soe far from it," sayth *Erasmus*, "that I made my Incapacitie an Excuse for declining an English Rectory. Albeit, you know how *Wareham* requited me; saying, in his kind, generous Way, I served the Church, more by my Pen than I coulde by preaching Sermons in a countrie Village."

Sayth *Linacre*, "The Archbishop hath made another Remark, as much to the Purpose: to wit, that he has received from you the Immortalitie which Emperors and Kings cannot bestow."

"They cannot even bid a smoking Sirloin retain its Heat an Hour after it hath left the Fire," sayth *Father*. "Tilly-vally! as my good *Alice* says,—let us remember the universal Doom, '*Fruges consumere nati*,' and philosophize over our Ale and Bracket."

"Not *Cambridge* Ale, neither," sayth *Erasmus*.

"Will you never forget that unlucky Beverage?" sayth *Father*. "Why, Man, think how manie poor Scholars there be, that content themselves, as I have hearde one of St *John's* declare, with a penny piece of Beef amongst four, stewed into Pottage with a little Salt and Oatmeal; and that after fasting from four o'clock in the Morning! Say Grace for us this Daye, *Erasmus*, with goode Heart."

At Table, Discourse flowed soe thicke and faste that I mighte aim in vayn to chronicle it—and why should I? dwelling as I doe at the Fountayn Head? Onlie that I find Pleasure, alreadie, in glancing over the foregoing Pages whensoever they concern *Father* and *Erasmus*, and wish they were more faithfullie recalled and better writ. One Thing sticks by me—a funny Reply of *Father's* to a Man who owed him money and who put him off with "*Memento Morieris*." "I bid you," retorted *Father*, "*Memento Mori Æris*, and I wish you woulde take as goode Care to provide for the one as I do for the other."

Linacre laughed much at this, and sayd "That was real Wit; a Spark struck at the Moment; and with noe Ill-nature in it, for I am sure your Debtor coulde not help laughing."

"Not he," quoth *Erasmus*. "*More's* Drollerie is like that of a young Gentlewoman of his Name, which shines without burning," . . . and, oddlie enow, he looked acrosse at *me*. I am sure he meant *Bess*.

July 1*st.*

Father broughte home a strange Guest to-daye,—a converted *Jew*, with grizzlie Beard, furred Gown, and Eyes that shone like Lamps lit in dark Cavernes. He had beene to *Benmarine* and *Tremeçen*, to the *Holie Citie* and to *Damascus*, to *Urmia* and *Assyria*, and I think alle over the knowne World; and tolde us manie strange Tales, one hardlie knew how to believe; as, for Example, of a Sea-coast Tribe, called the *Balouches*, who live on Fish and build theire Dwellings of the Bones. Alsoe, of a Race of his Countriemen beyond *Euphrates* who believe in *Christ*, but know nothing of the Pope; and of whom were the Magians that followed the Star. This agreeth not with our Legend. He averred that, though soe far apart from theire Brethren, theire Speech was the same, and even theire Songs; and he sang or chaunted one which he sayd was common among the Jews alle over the World, and had beene soe ever since theire Citie was ruinated and the People captivated, and yet it was never sett down in Prick-song. *Erasmus*, who knows little or nought of Hebrew, listened to the Words with Curiositie, and made him repeat them twice or thrice: and though I know not the Character, it seemed to me they sounded thus:—

Adir Hu yivne bethcha beccaro,
El, b'ne; El, b'ne; El, b'ne;
Bethcha becarro.

Though Christianish, he woulde not eat Pig's Face; and sayd Swine's Flesh was forbidden by the Hebrew Law for its unwholesomenesse in hot Countries and hot Weather, rather than by way of arbitrarie Prohibition. *Daisy* took a great Dislike to this Man, and woulde not sit next him.

In the Hay-field alle the Evening. Swathed *Father* in a Hay-rope, and made him pay the Fine, which he pretended to resist. *Cecy* was just about to cast one round *Erasmus*, when her Heart failed and she ran away, colouring to the Eyes. He sayd, he never saw such pretty Shame. *Father* reclining on the Hay, with his Head on my Lap and his Eyes shut, *Bess* asked if he were asleep. He made answer, "Yes, and dreaming." I askt, "Of what?" "Of a far-off future Daye, *Meg;* when thou and I shall looke back on this Hour, and this Hay-field, and my Head on thy lap."

"Nay, but what a stupid Dream, Mr *More*," says *Mother*. "Why, what woulde *you* dreame of, Mrs *Alice?*" "Forsooth, if I dreamed at alle, when I was wide awake, it shoulde be of being *Lord Chancellor* at the leaste." "Well, Wife, I forgive thee for not saying at the *most*. Lord Chancellor, quotha! And you woulde be Dame *Alice*, I trow, and ride in a Whirlecote, and keep a Spanish Jennet, and a Couple of Greyhounds, and wear a Train before and behind, and carry a Jerfalcon on your Fist." "On my Wrist." "No, that's not such a pretty Word as t'other! Go to, go!"

Straying from the others, to a remote Corner of

the Meadow, or ever I was aware, I came close upon *Gammer Gurney*, holding Somewhat with much Care. "Give ye good den, Mistress *Meg*," quoth she, "I cannot abear to rob the Birds of theire Nests; but I knows you and yours be kind to dumb Creatures, soe here's a Nest o' young Owzels for ye—and I can't call 'em dumb nowther, for they'll sing bravelie some o' these Days."

"How hast fared, of late, *Gammer*?" quoth I. "Why, well enow for such as I," she made Answer; "since I lost the Use o' my right Hand, I can nowther spin, nor nurse sick Folk, but I pulls Rushes, and that brings me a few Pence, and I be a good Herbalist; onlie, because I says one or two English Prayers, and hates the Priests, some Folks thinks me a Witch." "But why dost hate the Priests?" quoth I. "Never you mind," she gave Answer, "I've Reasons manie; and for my English Prayers, they were taught me by a Gentleman I nursed, that's now a Saint in Heaven, along with poor *Joan*."

And soe she hobbled off, and I felt kindlie towards her, I scarce knew why—perhaps because she spake soe lovingly of her dead Sister, and because of that Sister's Name. *My* Mother's Name was *Joan*.

July 2nd.

Erasmus is gone. His last Saying to *Father* was, "They will have you at Court yet;" and *Father's* Answer, "When *Plato's* Year comes round."

To me he gave a Copy, how precious! of his Testament. "You are an elegant Latinist, *Margaret*," he was pleased to say, "but, if you woulde drink deeplie of the Well-springs of Wisdom, applie to Greek. The Latins have onlie shallow Rivulets; the Greeks, copious Rivers, running over Sands of Gold. Read *Plato;* he wrote on Marble with a Diamond; but above alle, read the New Testament. 'Tis the Key to the Kingdom of Heaven."

To Mr *Gunnel*, he said smiling, "Have a Care of thyself, dear *Gonellus*, and take a little Wine for thy Stomach's Sake. The Wages of most Scholars now-a-days, are weak Eyes, Ill-health, an empty Purse, and shorte Commons. I neede only bid thee beware of the two first."

To *Bess*, "Farewell, *Bessy;* thank you for mending my bad Latin. When I write to you, I will be sure to signe myselfe '*Roterodamius.*' Farewell, sweete *Cecil;* let me always continue your 'desired Amiable.' And you, *Jacky*,—love your Book a little more."

"*Jack's* deare Mother, not content with her Girls," sayth *Father*, "was alwaies wishing for a Boy, and at last she had one that means to remain a Boy all his Life."

"The Dutch Schoolmasters thoughte *me* dulle and heavie," sayth *Erasmus*, soe there is some Hope of *Jacky* yet." And soe, stepped into the Barge, which we watched to *Chelsea Reach*. How dulle the House has beene ever since! *Rupert* and *William* have had

me into the Pavillion to hear the Plot of a Miracle-play they have alreadie begunne to talke over for *Christmasse*, but it seemed to me downrighte Rubbish. *Father* sleepes in Town to-nighte, soe we shall be stupid enow. *Bessy* hath undertaken to work *Father* a Slipper for his tender Foot; and is happie, tracing for the Pattern our three Moor-cocks and Colts; but I am idle and tiresome.

If I had Paper, I woulde beginne my projected *Opus;* but I dare not ask *Gunnel* for anie more just yet; nor have anie Money to buy Some. I wish I had a couple of Angels. I think I shall write to *Father* for them to-morrow; he alwaies likes to heare from us if he is twenty-four Hours absent, providing we conclude not with "I have Nothing more to say."

July 4th.

I HAVE writ my Letter to *Father*. I almoste wish, now, that I had not sent it. *Rupert* and *Will* still full of theire Moralitie, which reallie has some Fun in it. To ridicule the Extravagance of those who, as the Saying is, carry theire Farms and Fields on theire Backs, *William* proposes to come in, all verdant, with a reall Model of a Farm on his Back, and a Windmill on his Head.

July 5th.

How sweete, how gracious an Answer from *Father!* *John Harris* has broughte me with it the two Angels; less prized than this Epistle.

July 10*th.*

SIXTEENTH Birthdaye. *Father* away, which made it sadde. *Mother* gave me a payr of blue Hosen with Silk Clocks; Mr *Gunnel*, an ivorie-handled Stylus; *Bess*, a Bodkin for my Hair; *Daisy*, a Book-mark; *Mercy*, a Saffron Cake; *Jack*, a Basket; and *Cecil*, a Nosegay. *William's* Present was fayrest of alle, but I am hurte with him and myselfe; for he offered it soe queerlie and tagged it with such . . . I refused it, and there's an End. 'Twas unmannerlie and unkinde of me, and I've cried aboute it since.

Father alwaies gives us a Birthdaye Treat; soe, contrived that *Mother* shoulde take us to see my *Lord Cardinal* of *York* goe to *Westminster* in State. We had a merrie Water-partie; got goode Places and saw the Show; Crosse-bearers, Pillar-bearers, Ushers and alle. Himselfe in crimson engrayned Sattin, and Tippet of Sables, with an Orange in his Hand held to's Nose, as though the common Ayr were too vile to breathe. What a pompous Priest it is! The Archbishop mighte well say, "That Man is drunk with too much Prosperitie."

Between Dinner and Supper, we had a fine Skirmish in the Straits of Thermopylæ. Mr *Gunnel* headed the Persians, and *Will* was *Leonidas*, with a swashing Buckler, and a Helmet a Yard high; but Mr *Gunnel* gave him such a Rap on the Crest that it went over the Wall; soe then *William* thought there was Nothing left for him but to die. Howbeit, as he had

beene layd low sooner than he had reckoned on, he prolonged his last Agonies a goode deal, and gave one of the Persians a tremendous Kick just as they were aboute to rifle his Pouch. They therefore thoughte there must be Somewhat in it they shoulde like to see; soe, helde him down in spite of his hitting righte and lefte, and pulled therefrom, among sundrie lesser Matters, a carnation Knot of mine. Poor Varlet, I wish he would not be so stupid.

After Supper, *Mother* proposed a Concert; and we were alle singing a Rounde, when, looking up, I saw *Father* standing in the Door-way, with such a happy Smile on his Face! He was close behind *Rupert* and *Daisy*, who were singing from the same Book, and advertised them of his Coming by gentlie knocking theire Heads together; but I had the firste Kiss, even before *Mother*, because of my Birthdaye.

July 11th.

It turns out that *Father's* Lateness Yester-even was caused by Press of Businesse; a forayn Mission having beene proposed to him, which he resisted as long as he could, but was at length reluctantlie induced to accept. Lengthe of his Stay uncertayn, which casts a Gloom on alle; but there is soe much to doe as to leave little Time to think, and *Father* is busiest of alle; yet hath founde Leisure to concert with Mother for us a Journey into the Country, which will occupy some of the Weeks of his Absence. I am full of

carefulle Thoughts and Forebodings, being naturallie of too anxious a Disposition. Oh, let me caste alle my Cares on another! *Fecisti nos ad te, Domine; et inquietum est cor nostrum, donec requiescat in te.*

May 27th, 1523.

'Tis soe manie Months agone since that I made an Entry in my *Libellus*, as that my Motto, "*Nulla Dies sine Linea*," hath somewhat of Sarcasm in it. How manie Things doe I beginne and leave unfinisht! and yet, less from Caprice than lack of Strength; like him of whom the Scripture was writ,—"This Man beganne to build and was not able to finish." My *Opus*, for instance; the which my *Father's* prolonged Absence in the Autumn, and my Winter Visitt to Aunt *Nan* and Aunt *Fan* gave me such Leisure to carrie forward. But alack! Leisure was less to seeke than Learninge; and when I came back to mine olde Taskes, Leisure was awanting too; and then, by reason of my sleeping in a separate Chamber, I was enabled to steale Hours from the earlie Morn and Hours from the Night, and, like unto *Solomon's* virtuous Woman, my Candle went not out. But 'twas not to Purpose that I worked, like the virtuous Woman, for I was following a Jack-o-Lantern; having forsooke the straight Path laid downe by *Erasmus* for a foolish Path of mine owne; and soe I toyled, and blundered, and puzzled, and was mazed; and then came on that Payn in my Head. *Father* sayd, "What

makes *Meg* soe pale?" and I sayd not: and, at the last, I tolde *Mother* there was somewhat throbbing and twisting in the Back of mine head, like unto a little Worm that woulde not die; and she made Answer, "Ah, a Maggot," and soe by her Scoff I was shamed. Then I gave over mine *Opus*, but the Payn did not yet goe; soe then I was longing for the deare Pleasure, and fondlie turning over the Leaves, and wondering woulde *Father* be surprised and pleased with it some Daye, when *Father* himself came in or ever I was aware. He sayth, "What hast thou, *Meg?*" I faltered and woulde sett it aside. He sayth, "Nay, let me see;" and soe takes it from me; and after the firste Glance throws himself into a Seat, his Back to me, and firste runs it hastilie through, then beginnes with Methode and such Silence and Gravitie as that I trembled at his Side, and felt what it must be to stand a Prisoner at the Bar, and he the Judge. Sometimes I thought he must be pleased, at others not; at lengthe, alle my fond Hopes were ended by his crying, "This will never doe. Poor Wretch, hath this then beene thy Toyl? How couldst find Time for soe much Labour? for here hath beene Trouble enow and to spare. Thou must have stolen it, sweet *Meg*, from the Night, and prevented the Morning Watch. Most dear'st! thy *Father's* owne loved child;" and soe, caressing me till I gave over my shame and Disappointment.

"I neede not to tell thee, *Meg*," *Father* sayth, "of the unprofitable Labour of *Sisyphus*, nor of drawing Water in a Sieve. There are some Things, most deare one, that a Woman, if she trieth, may do as well as a Man;

and some she cannot, and some she had better not. Now, I tell thee firmlie, since the first Payne is the leaste sharpe, that, despite the Spiritt and Genius herein shewn, I am avised 'tis Work thou canst not and Work thou hadst better not doe. But judge for thyselfe; if thou wilt persist, thou shalt have Leisure and Quiet, and a Chamber in my new Building, and alle the Help my Gallery of Books may afford. But thy Father says, Forbear."

Soe, what coulde I say, but "My Father shall never speak to me in vayn."

Then he gathered the Papers up and sayd, "Then I shall take Temptation out of your Way;" and pressing 'em to his Heart as he did soe, sayth, "They are as deare to me as they can be to you;" and soe left me, looking out as though I noted (but I noted not) the cleare-shining *Thames*. 'Twas Twilighte, and I stoode there I know not how long, alone and lonely; with Tears coming, I knew not why, into mine Eyes. There was a Weight in the Ayr, as of coming Thunder; the Screaming, ever and anon, of *Juno* and *Argus*, inclined me to Mellancholie, as it alwaies does; and at length I beganne to note the Moon rising, and the deepening Clearnesse of the Water, and the lazy Motion of the Barges, and the Flashes of Light whene'er the Rowers dipt theire Oars. And then I beganne to attend to the Cries and different Sounds from acrosse the Water, and the Tolling of a distant Bell; and I felle back on mine olde heart-sighinge, "*Fecisti nos ad te, Domine; et inquietum est cor nostrum, donec requiescat in te.*"

Or ever the Week was gone, my Father had contrived for me another Journey to *New Hall*, to abide with the Lay Nuns, as he calleth them, Aunt *Nan* and Aunt *Fan*, whom my stepmother loveth not, but whom I love and whom *Father* loveth. Indeede, 'tis sayd in *Essex* that at first he inclined to Aunt *Nan* rather than to my Mother; but that, perceiving my Mother affected his Companie and Aunt *Nan* affected it not, he diverted his hesitating Affections unto her and took her to wife. Howbeit, Aunt *Nan* loveth him dearlie as a Sister ought; indeede, the loveth alle, except, methinketh, herself, to whom, alone, she is rigid and severe. How holie are my Aunts' Lives! Cloistered Nuns could not be more pure, and could scarce be as usefulle. Though wise, they can be gay; though noe longer young, they love the Young. And theire Reward is, the Young love them; and I am fulle sure in this World they seeke noe better.

Returned to *Chelsea*, I spake much in Prayse of mine Aunts, and of single Life. On a certayn Evening, we Maids were sett at our Needles and Samplers on the Pavillion Steps; and, as Follie will out, 'gan talk of what we would fayn have to our Lots, shoulde a goode Fairie starte up and grant eache a Wish. *Daisy* was for a Countess's Degree, with Hawks and Hounds. *Bess* was for founding a College, *Mercy* a Hospital, and she spake soe experimentallie of its Conditions that I was fayn to go Partners with her in the same. *Cecy* commenced, "Supposing I were married; if once that I were married"—on which, *Father*, who had come up

unperceived, burst out laughing and sayth, "Well, Dame, *Cecily*, and what State would you keep?" Howbeit, as he and I afterwards paced together, *juxta Fluvium*, he did say, "*Mercy* hath well propounded the Conditions of an Hospital or Alms-house for aged and sick Folk, and 'tis a Fantasie of mine to sett even such an one afoot, and give you the Conduct of the same."

From this careless Speech, dropped as 'twere by the Way, hath sprung mine House of Refuge! and oh, what Pleasure have I derived from it! How good is my Father! how the Poor bless him! and how kind is he, through them, to me! Laying his Hand kindly on my Shoulder, this Morning, he sayd, "*Meg*, how fares it with thee now? Have I cured the Payn in thy Head?" Then, putting the House-key into mine Hand, he laughingly added, "'Tis now yours, my Joy, by *Livery* and *Seisin*."

Aug. 6th.

I WISH *William* would give me back my Testament. 'Tis one thing to steal a Knot or a Posie, and another to borrow the most valuable Book in the House, and keep it Week after Week. He soughte it with a kind of Mysterie, soe as that I forbeare to ask it of him in Companie, lest I should doe him an ill Turn; and yet I have none other Occasion.

Alle Parties are striving which shall have *Erasmus*, and alle in vayn. E'en thus it was with him when he was here last,—the *Queen* would have had him for

her Preceptor, the *King* and *Cardinall* prest on him a royall Apartment and Salarie, *Oxford* and *Cambridge* contended for him, but his Saying was, "Alle these I value less than my Libertie, my Studies, and my literarie Toyls." How much greater is he than those who woulde confer on him Greatnesse! Noe Man of Letters hath equall Reputation, or is soe much courted.

Aug. 7th.

YESTER-EVEN, after overlooking the Men playing at Loggats, *Father* and I strayed away along *Thermopylæ* into the Home-field; and as we sauntered together under the Elms, he sayth with a Sigh, "*Jack* is *Jack* and no *More* . . . he will never be anything. An' 'twere not for my beloved Wenches, I should be an unhappy Father. But what though!—My *Meg* is better unto me than ten Sons; and it maketh no Difference at Harvest-time whether our Corn were put into the Ground by a Man or a Woman."

While I was turning in my Mind what Excuse I might make for *John*, *Father* taketh me at unawares by a sudden Change of Subject; saying, "Come, tell me, *Meg*, why canst not affect *Will Roper?*"

I was a good while silent, at length made Answer, "He is so unlike alle I esteem and admire . . . so unlike alle I have been taught to esteem and admire by you."—

"Have at you," he returned laughing, "I wist not I had been sharpening Weapons agaynst myself.

True, he is neither *Achilles* nor *Hector*, nor even *Paris*, but yet well enough, meseems, as Times go—smarter and comelier than either *Heron* or *Dancey*."

I, faltering, made Answer, "Good Looks affect me but little—'tis in his better Part I feel the Want. He cannot . . . discourse, for instance, to one's Mind and Soul, like unto you, dear *Father*, or *Erasmus*."

"I should marvel if he could," returned *Father* gravelie, "thou art mad, my daughter, to look, in a Youth of *Will's* Years, for the Mind of a Man of fifty. What were *Erasmus* and I, dost thou suppose, at *Will's* age? Alas, *Meg*, I should not like you to know what I was! Men called me the Boy-sage, and I know not what, but in my Heart and Head was a World of Sin and Folly. Thou mightst as well expect *Will* to have my Hair, Eyes, and Teeth, alle getting the worse for Wear, as to have the Fruits of my life-long Experience, in some Cases full dearly bought. Take him for what he is, match him by the young Minds of his owne standing: consider how long and closelie we have known him. His Parts are, surelie, not amiss: he hath more Book-lore than *Dancey*, more mother Wit than *Allington*."

"But why need I to concern myself about him?" I exclaymed; "*Will* is very well in his way: why should we cross each other's Paths? I am young, I have much to learn, I love my Studdies,—why interrupt them with other and less wise Thoughts?"

"Because nothing can be wise that is not practical," returned *Father*, "and I teach my Children Philosophie to fitt them for living in the World, not above it.

One may spend a Life in dreaming over *Plato*, and yet goe out of it without leaving the World a whit the better for our having made Part of it. 'Tis to little Purpose we studdy, if it onlie makes us exact Perfections in others which they may in vayn seek for in ourselves. It is not even necessary or goode for us to live entirelie with congeniall Spiritts. The vigorous tempers the inert, the passionate is evened by the cool-tempered, the prosaic balances the visionarie. Woulde thy Mother suit me better, dost thou suppose, if she coulde discuss Polemicks like *Luther* or *Melancthon?* E'en thine owne sweet Mother, *Meg*, was less affected to Studdy than thou art,—she learnt to love it for my Sake, but I made her what she was."

And, with a suddain Burste of fond Recollection, he hid his Eyes on my Shoulder, and for a Moment or soe, cried bitterlie. As for me, I shed, oh! such salt Teares! . . .

Aug. 17*th.*

ENTERING, o' the suddain, into *Mercy's* Chamber, I founde her all be-wept and waped, poring over an old Kirtle of Mother's she had bidden her re-line with Buckram. Coulde not make out whether she were sick of her Task, had had Words with Mother, or had some secret Inquietation of her owne; but, as she is a Girl of few Words, I found I had best leave her alone after a Caress and kind Saying or two. We alle have our Troubles.

Wednesday, 19th.

. . . . . .

TRULIE may I say soe. Here have they ta'en a Fever of some low Sorte in my House of Refuge, and *Mother*, fearing it may be the Sicknesse, will not have me goe neare it, lest I should bring it home. *Mercy*, howbeit, hath besought her soe earnestlie to let her goe and nurse the Sick, that *Mother* hath granted her Prayer, on Condition she returneth not till the Fever bates . . . thus setting her Life at lower Value than our owne. Deare *Mercy!* I would fayn be her Mate.

21st.

WE are alle mightie glad that *Rupert Allington* hath at lengthe zealouslie embraced the Studdy of the Law. 'Twas much to be feared at the Firste there was noe Application in him, and though we alle pitied him when *Father* first broughte him Home a pillaged, portionlesse Client, with none other to espouse his Rightes, yet 'twas a Pitie soone allied with Contempt when we founde how emptie he was, caring for nought but Archerie and Skittles and the Popinjaye out o' the House, and Dicing and Tables within, which *Father* would on noe Excuse permitt. Soe he had to conform, ruefullie enow, and hung piteouslie on Hand for awhile. I mind me of *Bess's* saying, about *Christmasse*, "Heaven send us open Weather while *Allington* is here; I don't believe he is one that

will bear shutting up." Howbeit, he seemed to incline towards *Daisy*, who is handsome enow, and cannot be hindered of Two-hundred Pounds, and soe he kept within Bounds, and when *Father* got him his Cause he was mightilie thankfulle, and woulde have left us out of Hand, but *Father* persuaded him to let his Estate recover itself, and turn the mean Time to Profitt, and, in short, soe wrought on him, that he hath now become a Student in righte earneste.

22*nd*.

Soe we are going to lose not only Mr *Clement*, but Mr *Gunnel!* How sorrie we alle are! It seemeth he hath long been debating for and agaynst the Church, and at length finds his Mind soe stronglie set towards it, as he can keep out of it noe longer. Well! we shall lose a good Master, and the Church will gayn a good Servant. *Drew* will supplie his Place, that is, according to his beste, but our worthy Welshman careth soe little for young People, and is soe abstract from the World about him, that we shall oft feel our Loss. *Father* hath promised *Gonellus* his Interest with the *Cardinall*.

I fell into Disgrace for holding Speech with *Mercy* over the Pales, but she is confident there is noe Danger; the Sick are doing well, and none of the Whole have fallen Sick. She sayth *Gammer Gurney* is as tender of her as if she were her Daughter, and will let her doe noe vile or paynfull Office, soe as she

hath little to doe but read and pray for the poor Souls, and feed 'em with savourie Messes, and they are alle so harmonious and full of Cheer, as to be like Birds in a Nest. *Mercy* deserves theire Blessings more than I. Were I a free Agent, she should not be alone now, and I hope ne'er to be withheld therefrom agayn.

30th.

Busied with my Flowers the chief o' the Forenoon, I was fayn to rest in the Pavilion, when entering therein, whom shoulde I stumble upon but *William*, layd at length on the Floor, with his Arms under his Head, and his Book on the Ground. I was withdrawing brisklie enow, when he called out, "Don't goe away, since you *are* here," in a Tone soe rough, soe unlike his usuall Key, as that I paused in a Maze, and then saw that his eyes were red. He sprung to his Feet and sayd, "*Meg*, come and talk to me;" and, taking my Hand in his, stepped quicklie forthe without another Word sayd, till we reached the Elm-tree Walk. I marvelled to see him soe moven, and expected to hear Somewhat that shoulde displease me, scarce knowing what; however, I might have guest at it from then till now, without ever nearing the Truth. His first Words were, "I wish *Erasmus* had ne'er crost the Thresholde; he has made me very unhappie;" then, seeing me stare, "Be not his Councill just now, deare *Meg*, but bind up, if thou canst, the Wounds he has made. . . . There be some Wounds, thou knowest, though but of a cut Finger

or the like, that we cannot well bind up for ourselves."

I made Answer, "I am a young and unskilled Leech."

He replied, "But you have a quick Wit, and Patience, and Kindnesse, and for a Woman, are not scant of Learning."

"Nay," I sayd, "but Mr *Gunnel*——"

"*Gunnel* would be the Last to help me," interrupts *Will*, "nor can I speak to your Father. He is alwaies too busie now . . . besides,——"

"Father *Francis?*" I put in.

"Father *Francis?*" repeats *Will*, with a shake o' the Head and a ruefulle Smile; "dost thou think, *Meg*, he coulde answer me if I put to him *Pilate's* Question, 'What is Truth?'"

"We know alreadie," quoth I.

Sayth *Will*, "What do we know?"

I paused, then made Answer reverentlie, "That *Jesus* is the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

"Yes," he exclaymed, clapping his Hands together in a Strange Sort of Passion; "that we *doe* know, blessed be GOD, and other Foundation can or ought noe Man to lay than that is layd, which is JESUS CHRIST. But, *Meg*, is this the Principle of our Church?"

"Yea, verily," I steadfastlie replied.

"Then, how has it beene overlayd," he hurriedlie went on, "with Men's Inventions! St *Paul* speaks of a Sacrifice once offered: we holde the Host to be a continuall Sacrifice. Holy Writ telleth us, where a tree falls it must lie; we are taughte that our

Prayers may free Souls from Purgatorie. The Word sayth, 'By Faith ye are saved;' the Church sayth, we may be saved by our Works. It is written, 'The Idols he shall utterly abolish;' we worship Figures of Gold and Silver. . . ." "Hold, hold," I sayd, "I dare not listen to this. . . . You are wrong, you know you are wrong."

"How and where?" he sayth; "onlie tell me. I long to be put righte."

"Our Images are but Symbols of our Saints," I made Answer; "'tis onlie the Ignorant and Unlearned that worship the mere Wood and Stone."

"But why worship Saints at alle?" persisted *Will;* "where's your Warrant for it?"

I sayd, "Heaven has warranted it by sundrie and speciall Miracles at divers Times and Places. I may say to you, *Will*, as *Socrates* to *Agathon*, 'You may easilie argue agaynst me, but you cannot argue agaynst the Truth.'"

"Oh, put me not off with *Plato*," he impatientlie replyed, "refer me but to Holie Writ."

"How can I," quoth I, "when you have ta'en away my Testament ere I had half gone through it? 'Tis this Book, I fear me, poor *Will*, hath unsettled thee. Our Church, indeed, sayth the Unlearned wrest it to theire Destruction."

"And yet the Apostle sayth," rejoyned *Will*, "that it contayns alle Things necessarie to our Salvation."

"Doubtlesse it doth, if we knew but where to find them," I replied.

"And how find, unlesse we seeke?" he pursued,

"and how know which Road to take, when we find the Scripture and the Church at Issue?"

"Get some wiser Head to advise us," I rejoyned.

"But an' if the Obstacle remains the same?"

"I cannot suppose that," I somewhat impatientlie returned, "GOD's Word and GOD's Church must agree; 'tis only we that make them at Issue."

"Ah, *Meg*, that is just such an Answer as Father *Francis* mighte give—it solves noe Difficultie. If, to alle human Reason, they pull opposite Ways, by which shall we abide? I know; I am certain. '*Tu, Domine Jesu, es Justicia mea!*'"

He looked soe rapt, with claspt Hands and upraysed Eyes, as that I coulde not but look on him and hear him with Solemnitie. At length I sayd, "If you know and are certayn, you have noe longer anie Doubts for me to lay, and with your Will, we will holde this Discourse noe longer, for however moving and however considerable its Subject Matter may be, it approaches forbidden Ground too nearlie for me to feel it safe, and I question whether it savoureth not of Heresie. However, *Will*, I most heartilie pitie you, and will pray for you."

"Do, *Meg*, do," he replyed, "and say nought to any one of this Matter."

"Indeede I shall not, for I think 'twoulde bring you if not me into Trouble; but, since thou haste soughte my Council, *Will*, receive it now and take it. . . ."

He sayth, "What is it?"

"To read less, pray more, fast, and use such

Discipline as our Church recommends, and I question not this Temptation will depart. Make a fayr Triall."

And soe, away from him, though he woulde fain have sayd more; and I have kept mine own Worde of praying for him full earnestlie, for it pitieth me to see him in such Case.

Sept. 2nd.

Poor *Will*, I never see him look grave now, nor heare him sighe, without thinking I know the Cause of his secret Discontentation. He hath, I believe, followed my Council to the Letter, for though the Men's Quarter of the House is soe far aparte from ours, it hath come rounde to me through *Barbara*, who had it from her Brother, that Mr *Roper* hath of late lien on the Ground, and used a knotted Cord. As 'tis one of the Acts of Mercy to relieve others, when we can, from Satanic Doubts and Inquietations, I have been at some Payns to make an Abstracte of such Passages from the Fathers, and such Narratives of noted and undeniable Miracles as cannot, I think, but carry Conviction with them, and I hope they may minister to his Soul's Comfort.

Tuesday, 4th.

Supped with my Lord *Sands*. *Mother* played Mumchance with my Lady, but *Father*, who saith he woulde rather feast a hundred poor Men than eat at one rich Man's Table, came not in till late, on Plea

of Businesse. My Lord tolde him the King had visitted him not long agone, and was soe well content with his Manor as to wish it were his owne, for the singular fine Ayr and pleasant growth of Wood. In fine, wound up the Evening with Musick. My Lady hath a Pair of fine-toned Clavichords, and a Mandoline that stands five Feet high; the largest in *England*, except that of the Lady *Mary Dudley*. The Sound, indeed, is powerfull, but methinketh the Instrument ungaynlie for a Woman. Lord *Sands* sang us a new Ballad, "*The King's Hunt's up*," which *Father* affected hugelie. I lacked Spiritt to sue my Lord for the Words, he being soe free-spoken as alwaies to dash me; howbeit, I mind they ran somewhat thus. . . .

> "*The Hunt is up, the Hunt is up,*
> *And it is well nigh Daye,*
> *Harry our King has gone hunting*
> *To bring his Deere to baye.*
> *The East is bright with Morning Lighte,*
> *And Darkness it is fled,*
> *And the merrie Horn wakes up the Morn*
> *To leave his idle Bed.*
> *Beholde the Skies with golden Dyes,*
> *Are . . .*"

—The Rest hath escaped me, albeit I know there was some Burden of Hey-tantara, where my Lord did stamp and snap his Fingers. He is a merry Heart.

1524, *October.*

Sayth Lord *Rutland* to my Father, in his acute sneering Way, "Ah, ah, Sir *Thomas*, *Honores mutant Mores.*"

"Not so, in Faith, my Lord," returns *Father*, "but have a Care lest we translate the Proverb, and say Honours change *Manners.*"

It served him right, and the Jest is worth preserving, because 'twas not premeditate, as my Lord's very likely was, but retorted at once and in Self-defence. I don't believe Honours *have* changed the *Mores.* As *Father* told *Mother*, there's the same Face under the Hood. 'Tis comique, too, the Fulfilment of *Erasmus* his Prophecy. *Plato's* Year has not come rounde, but they have got *Father* to Court, and the King seems minded never to let him goe. For us, we have the same untamed Spiritts and unconstrayned Course of Life as ever, neither lett nor hindered in our daylie Studdies, though we dress somewhat braver, and see more Companie. *Mother's* Head was a little turned, at first, by the Change and Enlargement of the Householde . . . the Acquisition of Clerk of the Kitchen, Surveyor of the Dresser, Yeoman of the Pastrie, etc., but, as *Father* laughinglie tolde her, the Increase of her Cares soon steddied her Witts, for she found she had twenty Unthrifts to look after insteade of half-a-dozen. And the same with himself. His Responsibilities are soe increast, that he grutches at everie Hour the Court steals from his Family, and

vows, now and then, he will leave off joking, that the King may the sooner wearie of him. But this is onlie in Jest, for he feels it is a *Power* given him over lighter Minds, which he may exert to usefull and high Purpose. Onlie it keepeth him from needing *Damocles* his Sword; he trusts not in the Favour of Princes nor in the Voyce of the People, and keeps his soul as a weaned Child. 'Tis much for us now to get an Hour's Leisure with him, and makes us feel what our olde Privilleges were when we knew 'em not. Still, I'm pleased without being over elated, at his having risen to his proper Level.

The *King* tooke us by Surprise this Morning: *Mother* had scarce time to slip on her Scarlett Gown and Coif, ere he was in the House. His Grace was mighty pleasant to all, and, at going, saluted all round, which *Bessy* took humourously, *Daisy* immoveablie, *Mercy* humblie, I distastefullie, and *Mother* delightedlie. She calls him a fine Man; he is indeede big enough, and like to become too big; with long slits of Eyes that gaze freelie on all, as who shoulde say, "Who dare let or hinder us?" His Brow betokens Sense and Franknesse, his Eyebrows are supercilious, and his Cheeks puffy. A rolling, straddling Gait, and abrupt Speech.

T'other Evening, as *Father* and I were, unwontedly, strolling together down the Lane, there accosts us a shabby poor Fellow, with something unsettled in his Eye. . . .

"Master, Sir Knight, and may it please your Judgeship, my name is *Patteson*."

"Very likely," says *Father*, "and my Name is *More*, but what is that to the Purpose?"

"And that is *more* to the Purpose, you mighte have said," returned the other.

"Why, soe I mighte," says *Father*, "but how shoulde I have proved it?"

"You who are a Lawyer shoulde know best about that," rejoyned the poor Knave; "'tis too hard for poor *Patteson*."

"Well, but who are you?" says *Father*, "and what do you want of me?"

"Don't you mind me?" says *Patteson*; "I played Hold-your-tongue, last *Christmasse* Revel was five Years, and they called me a smart Chap then, but last *Martinmasse* I fell from the Church Steeple, and shook my Brain-pan, I think, for its Contents have seemed addled ever since; soe what I want now is to be made a Fool."

"Then you are not one already?" says *Father*.

"If I were," says *Patteson*, "I shoulde not have come to *you*."

"Why, Like cleaves to Like, you know they say," says *Father*.

"Aye," says t'other, "but I've Reason and Feeling enow, too, to know you are no Fool, though I thoughte you might want one. Great People like 'em at their Tables, I've hearde say, though I am sure I can't guesse why, for it makes me sad to see Fools laughed at; ne'erthelesse, as I get laughed at alreadie, methinketh I may as well get paid for the Job if I can, being unable, now, to doe a Stroke of Work in hot

Weather. And I'm the onlie Son of my Mother, and she is a Widow. But perhaps I'm not bad enough."

"I know not that, poor Knave," says *Father*, touched with quick Pity, "and, for those that laugh at Fools, my Opinion, *Patteson*, is that they are the greater Fools who laugh. To tell you the Truth, I had had noe Mind to take a Fool into mine Establishment, having alwaies had a Fancy to be prime Fooler in it myselfe; however, you incline me to change my Purpose, for as I said anon, Like cleaves to Like, soe, I'll tell you what we will doe—divide the Businesse and goe Halves—I continuing the Fooling, and thou receiving the Salary; that is, if I find, on Inquiry, thou art given to noe Vice, including that of Scurrillitie."

"May it like your Goodness," says poor *Patteson*, "I've been the Subject, oft, of Scurrillitie, and affect it too little to offend that Way myself. I ever keep a civil Tongue in my Head, 'specially among young Ladies."

"That minds me," says *Father*, "of a Butler who sayd he always was sober, especially when he only had Water to drink. Can you read and write?"

"Well, and what if I cannot?" returns *Patteson*, "there ne'er was but one, I ever heard of, that knew Letters, never having learnt, and well he might, for he made them that made them."

"*Meg*, there is Sense in this poor Fellow," says *Father*, "we will have him Home and be kind to him."

And, sure enow, we have done so and been so ever since.

Tuesday, 25*th*.

A GLANCE at the anteceding Pages of this *Libellus* mesheweth poor *Will Roper* at the Season his Love-fitt for me was at its Height. He troubled me with it noe longer, nor with his religious Disquietations. Hard Studdy of the Law hath filled his Head with other Matters, and made him infinitely more rationall, and by Consequents, more agreeable. 'Twas one of those Preferences young People sometimes manifest, themselves know neither why nor wherefore, and are shamed, afterwards, to be reminded of. I'm sure I shall ne'er remind him. There was nothing in me to fix a rational or passionate Regard. I have neither *Bess's* Witt nor white Teeth, nor *Daisy's* dark Eyes, nor *Mercy's* Dimple. A plain-favoured Girl, with changefulle Spiritts,—that's alle.

26*th*.

Pattesons latest Jest was taking Precedence of *Father* yesterday with the Saying, "Give place, Brother; you are but Jester to King *Harry*, and I'm Jester to Sir *Thomas More;* I'll leave you to decide which is the greater Man of the two."

"Why, Gossip," cries *Father*, "his Grace woulde make two of me."

"Not a Bit of it," returns *Patteson*, "he's big enow for two such as you are, I grant ye, but the King can't make two of you. No! Lords and Commons

may make a King, but a king can't make a Sir *Thomas More*."

"Yes, he can," rejoyns *Father*, "he can make me Lord Chancellor, and then he will make me more than I am already; *ergo*, he will make Sir *Thomas* more."

"But what I mean is," persists the Fool, "that the King can't make such another as you are, any more than all the King's Horses and all the King's Men can put *Humpty-dumpty* together again, which is an ancient Riddle, and full of Marrow. And soe he'll find, if ever he lifts thy Head off from thy Shoulders, which GOD forbid!"

Father delighteth in sparring with *Patteson* far more than in jesting with the King, whom he alwaies looks on as a Lion that may, any Minute, fall on him and rend him. Whereas, with t'other, he ungirds his Mind. Their Banter commonly exceeds not Pleasantrie, but *Patteson* is ne'er without an Answer; and although, maybe, each amuses himselfe now and then with thinking, "I'll put him up with such a Question," yet, once begun, the Skein runs off the Reel without a Knot, and shows the excellent Nature of both, soe free are they alike from Malice and Over-license. Sometimes theire Cuts are neater than common Listeners apprehend. I've seene *Rupert* and *Will*, in fencing, make theire Swords flash in the Sun at every Parry and Thrust; agayn, owing to some Change in mine owne Position, or the decline of the Sun, the Scintillations have escaped me, though I've known their Rays must have been emitted in some Quarter alle the same.

Patteson, with one of *Argus's* cast Feathers in his Hand, is at this Moment beneath my Lattice, astride on a Stone Balustrade; while *Bessy*, whom he much affects, is sitting on the Steps, feeding her Peacocks. Sayth *Patteson*, "Canst tell me, Mistress, why Peacocks have soe manie Eyes in theire Tails, and yet can onlie see with two in theire Heads?"

"Because those two make them soe vain alreadie, Fool," says *Bess*, "that were they always beholding theire owne Glory, they woulde be intolerable."

"And besides that," says *Patteson*, "the less we see or heare, either, of what passes behind our Backs, the better for us, since Knaves will make Mouths at us then, for as glorious as we may be. Canst tell me, Mistress, why the Peacock was the last Bird that went into the Ark?"

"First tell me, Fool," returns *Bess*, "how thou knowest that it was soe?"

"Nay, a Fool may ask a Question would puzzle a Wiseard to answer," rejoyns *Patteson;* "I mighte ask you, for example, where they got theire fresh Kitchen-stuff in the Ark, or whether the Birds ate other than Grains, or the wild Beasts other than Flesh. It needs must have been a Granary."

"We ne'er show ourselves such Fools," says *Bess*, "as in seeking to know more than is written. They had enough, if none to spare, and we scarce can tell how little is enough for bare Sustenance in a State of perfect Inaction. If the Creatures were kept low, they were all the less fierce."

"Well answered, Mistress," says *Patteson*, "but tell me, why do you wear two Crosses?"

"Nay, Fool," returns *Bess*, "I wear but one."

"Oh, but I say you wear two," says *Patteson*, "one at your Girdle, and one that nobody sees. We alle wear the unseen one, you know. Some have theirs of Gold, alle carven and shaped, soe as you hardlie tell it for a Cross . . . like my Lord Cardinall, for Instance . . . but it is one, for alle that. And others, of Iron, that eateth into their Hearts . . . methinketh Master *Roper's* must be one of 'em. For me, I'm content with one of Wood, like that our deare LORD bore; what was goode enow for him is goode enow for me, and I've noe Temptation to shew it, as it isn't fine, nor yet to chafe at it for being rougher than my Neighbour's, nor yet to make myself a second because it' is not hard enow. Doe you take me, Mistress?"

"I take you for what you are," says *Bess*, "a poor Fool."

"Nay, Niece," says *Patteson*, "my Brother your Father hath made me rich."

"I mean," says *Bess*, "you have more Wisdom than Witt, and a real Fool has neither, therefore you are only a make-believe Fool."

"Well, there are many make-believe Sages," says *Patteson;* "for mine owne Part, I never aim to be thoughte a *Hiccius Doccius*."

"A *hic est doctus*, Fool, you mean," interrupts *Bess*.

"Perhaps I do," rejoins *Patteson*, "since other Folks soe oft know better what we mean than we

know ourselves. Alle I woulde say is, I ne'er set up for a Conjuror. One can see as far into a Millstone as other People, without being that. For Example, when a Man is overta'en with Qualms of Conscience for having married his Brother's Widow, when she is noe longer soe young and fair as she was a Score of Years ago, we know what that's a Sign of. And when an *Ipswich* Butcher's Son takes on him the State of my Lord *Pope*, we know what that's a Sign of. Nay, if a young Gentlewoman become dainty at her Sizes, and sluttish in her Apparel, we . . . as I live, here comes *Giles Heron*, with a Fish in's Mouth."

Poor *Bess* involuntarilie turned her Head quicklie towards the Watergate; on which, *Patteson*, laughing as he lay on his Back, points upward with his Peacock's Feather, and cries, "Overhead, Mistress! see, there he goes. Sure, you lookt not to see Master *Heron* making towards us between the Posts and Flower-pots, eating a dried Ling?" laughing as wildly as though he were verily a Natural.

Bess, without a Word, shook the Crumbs from her Lap, and was turning into the House, when he withholds her a Minute in a perfectly altered Fashion, saying, "There be some Works, Mistress, our Confessors tell us be Works of Supererogation . . . is not that the Word? I learn a long one now and then . . . such as be setting Food before a full Man, or singing to a deaf one, or buying for one's Pigs a Silver Trough, or for the Matter of that, casting Pearls before a Dunghill Cock, or fishing for a Heron,

which is well able to fish for itself, and is an ill-natured Bird after all, that pecks the Hand of his Mistress, and, for all her Kindness to him, will not think of *Bessy More.*"

How apt alle are to abuse unlimited License! Yet 'twas good Counsel.

1525, *July* 2.

. . . . . .

Soe my Fate is settled. Who knoweth at Sunrise what will chance before Sunsett? No; the Greeks and Romans mighte speake of Chance and of Fate, but we must not. *Ruth's Hap* was to light on the Field of *Boaz:* but what she thought casual, the Lord had contrived.

Firste, he gives me the Marmot. Then, the Marmot dies. Then, I, having kept the Creature soe long, and being naturallie tender, must cry a little over it. Then *Will* must come in and find me drying mine Eyes. Then he must, most unreasonablie, suppose that I could not have loved the poor Animal for its owne Sake soe much as for his; and, thereupon, falle a love-making in such downrighte Earneste, that I, being alreadie somewhat upset, and knowing 'twoulde please *Father* . . . and hating to be perverse, . . . and thinking much better of *Will* since he hath studdied soe hard, and given soe largelie to the Poor, and left off broaching his heteroclite Opinions . . . I say, I supposed it must be soe, some Time or another, soe 'twas noe Use hanging back for

ever and ever, soe now there's an End, and I pray GOD give us a quiet Life.

Noe one woulde suppose me reckoning on a quiet Life if they knew how I've cried alle this Forenoon, ever since I got quit of *Will*, by *Father's* carrying him off to *Westminster*. He'll tell *Father*, I know, as they goe along in the Barge, or else coming back, which will be soone now, though I've ta'en no Heed of the Hour. I wish 'twere cold Weather, and that I had a sore Throat, or stiff Neck, or somewhat that might reasonablie send me a-bed, and keep me there till to-morrow Morning. But I'm quite well, and 'tis the Dog-days, and Cook is thumping the Rolling-pin on the Dresser, and Dinner is being served, and here comes *Father*.

1528, *Sept.*

FATHER hath had some Words with the Cardinall. 'Twas touching the Draught of some forayn Treaty which the Cardinall offered for his Criticism, or rather, for his Commendation, which *Father* could not give. This nettled his Grace, who exclaimed,—"By the Mass, thou art the veriest Fool of all the Council." *Father*, smiling, rejoined, "GOD be thanked, that the King our Master hath but one Fool therein."

The *Cardinall* may rage, but he can't rob him of the royal Favour. The *King* was here yesterday, and walked for an Hour or soe about the Garden, with his Arm round *Father's* Neck. *Will* coulde not help

felicitating *Father* upon it afterwards; to which *Father* made Answer, "I thank God I find his Grace my very good Lord indeed, and I believe he doth as singularly favour me as any Subject within this Realm. Howbeit, son *Roper*, I may tell thee between ourselves, I feel no Cause to be proud thereof, for if my Head would win him a Castle in *France*, it shoulde not fail to fly off."

—*Father* is graver than he used to be. No Wonder. He hath much on his Mind; the Calls on his Time and Thoughts are beyond Belief; but God is very good to him. His Favour at home and abroad is immense: he hath good Health, soe have we alle; and his Family are established to his Mind, and settled alle about him, still under the same fostering Roof. Considering that I am the most ordinarie of his Daughters, 'tis singular I should have secured the best Husband. *Daisy* lives peaceablie with *Rupert Allington*, and is as indifferent, me seemeth, to him as to alle the World beside. He, on his Part, loves her and theire Children with Devotion, and woulde pass half his Time in the Nurserie. *Dancey* always had a hot Temper, and now and then plagues *Bess;* but she lets noe one know it but me. Sometimes she comes into my Chamber and cries a little, but the next kind Word brightens her up, and I verilie believe her Pleasures far exceed her Payns. *Giles Heron* lost her through his own Fault, and might have regained her good Opinion after all, had he taken half the Pains for her Sake he now takes for her younger Sister: I cannot think how *Cecy* can favour him; yet I suspect

he will win her, sooner or later. As to mine own deare *Will*, 'tis the kindest, purest Nature, the finest Soul, the . . . and yet how I was senselesse enow once to undervalue him!

Yes, I am a happy Wife; a happy Daughter; a happy Mother. When my little *Bill* stroaked dear *Father's* Face just now, and murmured "Pretty!" he burst out a-laughing, and cried,—

"You are like the young *Cyrus*, who exclaimed,—'Oh! Mother, how pretty is my Grandfather!' And yet, according to *Xenophon*, the old Gentleman was soe rouged and made up, as that none but a Childe woulde have admired him!"

"That's not the Case," I observed, "with *Bill's* Grandfather."

"He's a *More* all over," says *Father*, fondly. "Make a Pun, *Meg*, if thou canst, about *Amor*, *Amore*, or *Amores*. 'Twill onlie be the thousand and first on our Name. Here, little Knave, see these Cherries: tell me who thou art, and thou shalt have one. '*More! More!*' I knew it, sweet Villain. Take them all."

I oft sitt for an Hour or more, watching *Hans Holbein* at his Brush. He hath a rare Gift of limning; and has, besides, the Advantage of deare *Erasmus* his Recommendation, for whom he hath alreddie painted our Likenesses, but I think he has made us very ugly. His Portraiture of my Grandfather is marvellous: ne'erthelesse, I look in vayn for the Spiritualitie which our *Lucchese* Friend, *Antonio Bonvisi*, tells us is to be found in the Productions of the Italian Schools.

Holbein loves to paint with the Lighte coming in upon his Work from above. He says a Lighte from above puts Objects in theire proper Lighte, and shews theire just Proportions; a Lighte from beneath reverses alle the naturall Shadows. Surelie, this hath some Truth if we spirituallize it.

June 2nd.

RUPERT'S Cousin, *Rosamond Allington*, is our Guest. She is as beautiful as . . . not as an Angel, for she lacks the Look of Goodness, but very beautiful indeed. She cometh hither from *Hever Castle*, her Account of the Affairs whereof I like not. Mistress *Anne* is not there at present; indeed, she is not always hanging about Court, and followeth somewhat too literallie the scriptural Injunction to *Solomon's* Spouse—to forget her Father's House. The *King* likes well enow to be compared with *Solomon*, but Mistress *Anne* is not his Spouse yet, nor ever will be, I hope. Flattery and Frenchified Habitts have spoilt her, I trow.

Rosamond says there is not a good Chamber in the Castle; even the Ballroom, which is on the upper Floor of alle, being narrow and low. On a rainy Day, long ago, she and Mistress *Anne* were playing at Shuttlecock therein, when *Rosamond's* Foot tripped at some Unevennesse in the Floor, and Mistress *Anne*, with a Laugh, cried out, "Mind you goe not down into the Dungeon"—then pulled up a Trap-door in the Ball-room Floor, by an iron Ring, and made *Rosamond* look down into an unknown Depth; all in

the blacknesse of Darkness. 'Tis an awfulle Thing to have onlie a Step from a Ball-room to a Dungeon! I'm glad we live in a modern House; we have noe such fearsome Sights here.

Sept. 26.

How many, many Tears have I shed! Poor imprudent *Will!*

To think of his Escape from the *Cardinall's* Fangs, and yet that he will probablie repeat the Offence! This Morning *Father* and he had a long, and, I fear me, fruitless Debate in the Garden; on returning from which, *Father* took me aside and sayd,—

"*Meg*, I have borne a long Time with thine Husband; I have reasoned and argued with him, and still given him my poor, fatherly Counsel; but I perceive none of alle this can call him Home agayn. And therefore, *Meg*, I will noe longer dispute with him." . . . "Oh, *Father!*" . . . "Nor yet will I give him over; but I will set another Way to work, and get me to GOD and pray for him."

And have not I done so alreadie?

27*th.*

I FEARE me they parted unfriendlie; I hearde *Father* say, "Thus much I have a Right to bind thee to, that thou indoctrinate not her in thine owne Heresies. Thou shalt not imperill the Salvation of my Child."

Since this there has beene an irresistible Gloom on

our Spiritts, a Cloud between my Husband's Soul and mine, without a Word spoken. I pray, but my Prayers seem dead.

Thursday, 28*th*.

. . . . . .

LAST Night, after seeking unto this Saint and that, methought, "Why not applie unto the Fountain Head? Maybe these holie Spiritts may have Limitations sett to the Power of theire Intercessions—at anie Rate, the Ears of *Mary-mother* are open to alle."

Soe I beganne, "*Eia mater, fons amoris.*" . . .

Then methoughte, "But I am onlie asking *her* to intercede—I'll mount a Step higher still." . . .

Then I turned to the greate Intercessor of alle. But methought, "Still he intercedes with another, although the same. And his owne Saying was, 'In that Day ye shall ask *me nothing*. Whatsoever ye shall ask in my Name, *he* will give it you.'" Soe I did.

I fancy I fell asleep with the Tears on my Cheek. *Will* had not come up Stairs. Then came a heavie, heavie Sleep, not such as giveth Rest; and a dark, wild Dream. Methought I was tired of waiting for *Will*, and became alarmed. The Night seemed a Month long, and at last I grew soe weary of it, that I arose, put on some Clothing, and went in search of him whom my Soul loveth. Soon I founde him, sitting in a Muse; and said, "*Will*, deare *Will?*" but he hearde me not; and, going up to touch him,

I was amazed to be broughte short up or ever I reached him, by Something invisible betwixt us, hard and cleare, and colde, . . . in short, a Wall of Ice! Soe it seemed, in my strange Dreame. I pushed at it, but could not move it; called to him, but coulde not make him hear: and all the While my Breath, I suppose, raised a Vapour on the glassy Substance, that grew thicker and thicker, soe as slowlie to hide him from me. I coulde discerne his Head and Shoulders, but not see down to his Heart. Then I shut mine Eyes in despair, and when I opened 'em, he was hidden altogether.

Then I prayed. I put my hot Brow agaynst the Ice, and I kept a weeping hot Tears, and the warm Breath of Prayer kept issuing from my Lips; and still I was persisting, when, or ever I knew how, the Ice beganne to melt! I felt it giving Way! and, looking up, coulde in joyfulle Surprize just discerne the Lineaments of a Figure close at t'other Side; the Face turned away, but yet in the Guise of listening. And, Images being apt to seem magnified and distorted through Vapours, methought 'twas altogether bigger than *Will*, yet himself, nothingthelesse; and, the Barrier between us having sunk away to Breast-height, I layd mine Hand on's Shoulder, and he turned his Head, smiling, though in Silence; and . . . oh, Heaven! 'twas not *Will*, but ——.

What coulde I doe, even in my Dreame, but fall at his Feet? What coulde I doe, waking, but the same? 'Twas Grey of Morn; I was feverish and unrefreshed, but I wanted noe more lying a-bed.

Will had arisen and gone forthe; and I, as quicklie as I coulde make myself readie, sped after him.

I know not what I expected, nor what I meant to say. The Moment I opened the Door of his Closett, I stopt short. There he stoode, in the Centre of the Chamber; his Hand resting flat on an open Book, his Head raised somewhat up, his Eyes fixed on Something or some One, as though in speaking Communion with 'em; his whole Visage lightened up and glorifide with an unspeakable Calm and Grandeur that seemed to transfigure him before me; and, when he hearde my Step, he turned about, and 'steade of histing me away, helde out his Arms. . . . We parted without neede to utter a Word.

June, 1530.

Events have followed too quick and thick for me to note 'em. Firste, *Father's* Embassade to *Cambray*, which I shoulde have grieved at more on our owne Accounts, had it not broken off alle further Collision with *Will*. Thoroughlie homesick, while abroad, poor *Father* was; then, on his Return, he noe sooner sett his Foot a-land, than the King summoned him to *Woodstock*. 'Twas a Couple o' Nights after he left us, that *Will* and I were roused by *Patteson's* shouting beneath our Window, "Fire, Fire, quoth *Jeremiah!*" and the House was a-fire, sure enow. Greate Part of the Men's Quarter, together with alle the Out-houses and Barns, consumed without Remedie, and alle through the Carelessnesse of *John*

Holt. Howbeit noe Lives were lost, nor any one much hurt; and we thankfullie obeyed deare *Father's* Behest, soe soone as we received the same, that we woulde get us to Church, and there, upon our Knees, return humble and harty Thanks to ALMIGHTY GOD for our late Deliverance from a fearfulle Death. Alsoe, at *Father's* Desire, we made up to the poor People on our Premises theire various Losses, which he bade us doe, even if it left him without soe much as a Spoon.

But then came an equallie unlookt-for, and more appalling Event: the Fall of my *Lord Cardinall*, whereby my Father was shortlie raised to the highest Pinnacle of professional Greatnesse; being made *Lord Chancellor*, to the Content, in some Sort, of *Wolsey* himself, who sayd he was the onlie Man fit to be his Successor.

The unheard-of Splendour of his Installation dazzled the Vulgar; while the Wisdom that marked the admirable Discharge of his daylie Duties, won the Respect of alle thinking Men, but surprized none who alreadie knew *Father*. On the Day succeeding his being sworn in, *Patteson* marched hither, and thither, bearing a huge Placard, inscribed, "Partnership Dissolved;" and apparelled himself in an old Suit on which he had bestowed a Coating of black Paint, Weepers of white Paper; assigning for't that "his Brother was dead." "For now," quoth he, "that they've made him *Lord Chancellor*, we shall ne'er see Sir *Thomas* more."

Now, although the poor *Cardinall* was commonlie

helde to shew much Judgment in his Decisions, owing to the naturall Soundness of his Understanding, yet, being noe Lawyer, Abuses had multiplied during his Chancellorship, more especiallie in the Way of enormous Fees and Gratuities. *Father*, not content with shunning base Lucre in his proper Person, will not let anie one under him, to his Knowledge, touch a Bribe; whereat *Dancey*, after his funny Fashion, complains, saying,—

"The Fingers of my *Lord Cardinall's* veriest Doorkeepers were tipt with Gold, but I, since I married your Daughter, have got noe Pickings; which in your Case may be commendable, but in mine is nothing profitable."

Father, laughing, makes Answer,—

"Your Case is hard, Son *Dancey*, but I can onlie say for your Comfort, that, soe far as Honesty and Justice are concerned, if mine owne Father, whom I reverence dearly, stoode before me on the one Hand, and the Devil, whom I hate extremely, on the other, yet, the Cause of the latter being just, I shoulde give the Devil his Due."

Giles Heron hath found this to his Cost. Presuming on his near Connexion with my Father, he refused an equitable Accommodation of a Suit, which, thereon, coming into Court, *Father's* Decision was given flat agaynst him.

His Decision agaynst *Mother* was equallie impartiall, and had Something comique in it. Thus it befelle. —A beggar-woman's little Dog, which had beene stolen from her, was offered my *Mother* for Sale, and

she bought it for a Jewel of no greate Value. After a Week or soe, the Owner finds where her dog is, and cometh to make Complaynt of the Theft to *Father*, then sitting in his Hall. Sayth *Father*, "Let's have a faire Hearing in open Court; thou, Mistress, stand there where you be, to have impartial Justice; and thou, Dame *Alice*, come up hither, because thou art of the higher degree. Now then, call each of you the Puppy, and see which he will follow." Soe *Sweetheart*, in spite of *Mother*, springs off to the old Beggar-woman, who, unable to keep from laughing, and yet moved at Mother's Losse, sayth,—

"Tell 'ee what, Mistress . . . thee shalt have 'un for a Groat."

"Nay," sayth *Mother*, "I won't mind giving thee a Piece of Gold;" soe the Bargain was satisfactorily concluded.

Father's Despatch of Businesse is such, that, one Morning before the End of Term, he was tolde there was noe other Cause nor Petition to be sett before him; the which, being a Case unparalleled, he desired mighte be formally recorded.

He ne'er commences Businesse in his owne Court without first stepping into the Court of King's Bench, and there kneeling down to receive my Grandfather's Blessing. *Will* sayth 'tis worth a World to see the Unction with which the deare old Man bestows it on him.

In Rogation-week, following the Rood as usuall round the Parish, *Heron* counselled him to go a Horse-back for the greater Seemlinesse, but he made Answer

that 'twoulde be unseemlie indeede for the Servant to ride after his Master going afoot.

His Grace of *Norfolk*, coming yesterday to dine with him, finds him in the Church-choir, singing, with a Surplice on.

"What?" cries the *Duke*, as they walk Home together, "my *Lord Chancellor* playing the Parish-clerk? Sure, you dishonour the King and his Office."

"Nay," says *Father*, smiling, "your Grace must not deem that the King, your Master and mine, will be offended at my honouring *his* Master."

Sure, 'tis pleasant to heare *Father* taking the upper Hand of these great Folks: and to have 'em coming and going, and waiting his Pleasure, because he is the Man whom the King delighteth to honour.

True, indeed, with *Wolsey* 'twas once the same; but *Father* neede not feare the same Ruin; because he hath HIM for his Friend, whom *Wolsey* said woulde not have forsaken him had he served HIM as he served his earthly Master. 'Twas a misproud Priest; and there's the Truth on't. And *Father* is not misproud; and I don't believe we are; though proud of him we cannot fail to be.

And I know not why we may not be pleased with Prosperitie, as well as patient under Adversitie; as long as we say, "Thou, LORD, hast made our Hill soe strong." 'Tis more difficult to bear with Comelinesse, doubtlesse; and envious Folks there will be; and we know alle Things have an End, and everie Sweet hath its Sour, and everie Fountain its Fall; but . . . 'tis very pleasant for all that.

Tuesday, 31*st*, 1532.

WHO coulde have thoughte that those ripe Grapes whereof dear *Gaffer* ate so plentifullie, should have ended his Dayes? This Event hath filled the House with Mourning. He had us all about his Bed to receive his Blessing; and 'twas piteous to see *Father* fall upon his Face, as *Joseph* on the Face of *Jacob*, and weep upon him and kiss him. Like *Jacob*, my Grandsire lived to see his duteous Son attain to the Height of earthlie Glory, his Heart unspoyled and untouched.

July, 1532.

THE Days of Mourning for my Grandsire are at an end; yet *Father* still goeth heavilie. This Forenoon, looking forthe of my Lattice, I saw him walking along the River Side, his Arm cast about *Will's* Neck; and 'twas a dearer Sight to my Soul than to see the *King* walking there with his Arm around *Father's* Neck. They seemed in such earnest Converse, that I was avised to ask *Will*, afterwards, what they had been saying. He told me that, after much friendly Chat together on this and that, *Father* fell into a Muse, and presently, fetching a deep Sigh, says,—

"Would to GOD, Son *Roper*, on Condition three Things were well established in Christendom, I were put into a Sack, and cast presently into the *Thames*." *Will* sayth,—

"What three soe great Things can they be, *Father*, as to move you to such a Wish?"

"In Faith, *Will*," answers he, "they be these.—First, that whereas the most Part of Christian Princes be at War, they were at Universal Peace. Next, that whereas the Church of CHRIST is at present sore afflicted with divers Errors and Heresies, it were well settled in a godly Uniformity. Last, that this Matter of the *King's* Marriage were, to the Glory of GOD, and the Quietness of alle Parties, brought to a good Conclusion."

Indeed, this last Matter preys on my Father's Soul. He hath even knelt to the King, to refrain from exacting Compliance with his Grace's Will concerning it; movingly reminding him, even with Tears, of his Grace's own Words to him on delivering the Great Seal, "First look unto GOD, and, after GOD, unto me." But the King is heady in this Matter; stubborn as a Mule or wild Ass's Colt, whose Mouths must be held with Bit and Bridle if they be to be governed at alle; and the King hath taken the Bit between his Teeth, and there is none dare ride him. Alle for Love of a brown Girl, with a Wen on her Throat, and an extra Finger.

July 18th.

How short a Time agone it seemeth, that in my Prosperity I sayd, "We shall never be moved; Thou, LORD, of Thy goodness hast made our Hill soe strong!" ". . . Thou didst turn away thy Face, and I was troubled!"

28*th*.

THUS sayth *Plato:* of Him whom he soughte, but hardly found: "Truth is his Body, and Light his Shadow." A marvellous Saying for a Heathen.

Hear also what St *John* sayth: "GOD is Light; and in Him is no Darknesse at all." "And the Light was the Life of Men: and the Light shineth in Darkness, and the Darkness comprehended it not."

Hear also what St. *Augustine* sayth: "They are the most uncharitable towards Error who have never experienced how hard a Matter it is to come at the Truth."

Hard, indeed. Here's *Father* agaynst *Will*, and agaynst *Erasmus*, of whom he once could not speak well enough; and now he says that if he upholds such and such Opinions his dear *Erasmus* may be the Devil's *Erasmus* for what he cares. And here's *Father* at Issue with half the learned Heads in Christendom concerning the King's Marriage. And yet, for alle that, I think *Father* is in the Right.

He taketh Matters soe to Heart that e'en his Appetite fails. Yesterday he put aside his old favourite Dish of Brewis, saying, "I know not how 'tis, good *Alice;* I've lost my Stomach, I think, for my old Relishes" . . . and this, e'en with a Tear in his Eye. But 'twas not the Brewis, I know, that made it start.

Aug.

He hath resigned the Great Seal! And none of us knew of his having done soe, nor e'en of his meditating it, till after Morning Prayers to-day, when, insteade of one of his Gentlemen stepping up to my Mother in her Pew, with the Words, "Madam, my Lord is gone," he cometh up to her himself, with a Smile on's Face, and sayth, low bowing as he spoke, "Madam, my Lord is gone." She takes it for one of the manie Jests whereof she misses the Point; and 'tis not till we are out of Church, in the open Air, that she fully comprehends my *Lord Chancellor* is indeed gone, and she hath onlie her Sir *Thomas More*.

A Burst of Tears was no more than was to be lookt for from poor Mother; and, in Sooth, we alle felt aggrieved and mortyfide enough; but 'twas a short Sorrow; for *Father* declared that he had cast *Pelion* and *Ossa* off his Back into the bottomless Pit; and fell into such funny Antics that we were soon as merry as ever we were in our Lives. *Patteson*, so soon as he hears it, comes leaping and skipping across the Garden, crying, "A fatted Calf! let a fatted Calf be killed, Masters and Mistresses, for this my Brother who was dead is alive again!" and falls a kissing his Hand. But poor *Patteson's* Note will soon change; for *Father's* diminished State will necessitate the Dismissal of all extra Hands; and there is manie a Servant under his Roof whom he can worse spare than the poor Fool.

In the Evening he gathers us alle about him in the Pavilion, where he throws himself into his old accustomed Seat, casts his Arm about *Mother*, and cries, "How glad must *Cincinnatus* have been to spy out his Cottage again, with *Racilia* standing at the Gate!" Then, called for Curds and Cream; sayd how sweet the soft Summer Air was coming over the River, and bade *Cecil* sing "The King's Hunt's up." After this, one Ballad after another was called for, till alle had sung their Lay, ill or well, he listing the While with closed Eyes, and a composed Smile about his Mouth; the two Furrows between his Brows relaxing graduallie till at length they could no more be seene. At last he says,—

"Who was that old Prophet that could not or would not prophesy for a King of *Judah* till a Minstrel came and played unto him? Sure, he must have loved, as I do, the very lovely Song of one that playeth well upon an Instrument, yclept the Human Heart; and have felt, as I do now, the Spirit given him to speak of Matters foreign to his Mind. 'Tis of *res angusta domi*, dear Brats, I must speak; soe, the sooner begun, the sooner over. Here am I, with a dear Wife and eight loved Children . . . for my daughters' Husbands and my Son's Wife are my Children as much as any; and *Mercy Giggs* is a Daughter too . . . nine Children, then, and eleven Grandchildren, and a Swarm of Servants to boot, all of whom have as yet eaten what it pleased them, and drunken what it suited them at my Board, without its being any one's Businesse to say them nay.

'Twas the dearest Privilege of my *Lord Chancellor;* but now he's dead and gone, how shall we contract the Charges of Sir *Thomas More?*"

We looked from one to another, and were silent.

"I'll tell ye, dear ones," he went on. "I have been brought up at *Oxford*, at an Inn of Chancery, at Lincoln's Inn, and at the King's Court; from the lowest Degree, that is, to the highest; and yet have I in yearly Revenues at this Present, little above one Hundred Pounds a-year; but then, as *Chilo* sayth, 'honest Loss is preferable to dishonest Gain: by the first, a Man suffers once; by the second for ever;' and I may take up my Parable with *Samuel*, and say: 'Whose Ox have I taken? whose Ass have I taken? whom have I defrauded? whom have I oppressed? of whose Hand have I received any Bribe to blinde mine Eyes therewith?' No, my worst Enemies cannot lay to my Charge any of these Things; and my Trust in you is, that, rather than regret I should not have made a Purse by any such base Methods, you will all cheerfully contribute your Proportions to the common Fund, and share and share alike with me in this my diminished State."

We all gat about him, and by our Words and Kisses gave Warrant that we would.

"Well, then," quoth he, "my Mind is, that since we are all of a Will to walk down-hill together, we will do soe at a breathing Pace, and not drop down like a Plummet. Let all Things be done decently and in order: we won't descend to *Oxford* Fare first, nor yet to the Fare of *New Inn*. We'll begin with

Lincoln's Inn Diet, whereon many good and wise Men thrive well; if we find this draw too heavily on the Common-Purse, we will, next Year, come down to *Oxford* Fare, with which many great and learned Doctors have been conversant; and, if our Purse stretch not to cover e'en this, why, in Heaven's Name! we'll go begging together, with Staff and Wallet, and sing a *Salve Regina* at every good Man's Door, whereby we shall still keep Company, and be merry together!"

Sept. 22*d.*

Now that the first Surprise and Grief, and the first Fervour of Fidelity and Self-devotion have passed off, we have subsided into how deep and holy a Quiet!

We read of the Desertion of the World, as a Matter of Course; but, when our own Turn comes, it does seem strange to find ourselves let fall down the Stream without a single Hand outstretched to help us; forgotten, in a Moment, as though we had never been, by those who lately ate and laughed at our Table. And this, without any Fault or Offence of ours, but merely from our having lost the Light of the *King's* Countenance. I say, it does seem strange; but how fortunate, how blessed are those to whom such a Course of Events *only* seems strange, unaccompanied by Self-reproach and Bitterness! I could not help feeling this, in reading an affectionate Letter deare *Father* writ this Forenoon to *Erasmus*, wherein

he sayd, "I have now obtained what, from a Child, I have continually wished! that, being entirely quit of Businesse and all publick Affairs, I might live for a Time only to God and myself."

Having no Hankering after the old Round he soe long hath run, he now, in Fact, looks younger every Day; and yet, not with the same Kind of Youth he had before his Back was bowed under the Chancellorship. 'Tis a more composed, chastised Sort of Rejuvenescence: rather the soft Warmth of Autumn, which sometimes seems like May, than May itself: the enkindling, within this mortal Tabernacle, of a heavenly Light that never grows dim, because it is immortal; and burns the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever: a Youthfulness of Soul and Mind characterised by Growth; Something with which this World and its fleeting Fancies has nothing to do: Something that the *King* can neither impart nor take away.

. . . We have had a tearfull Morning . . . poor *Patteson* has gone. My Father hath obtained good Quarters for him with my *Lord Mayor*, with a Stipulation that he shall retain his Office with the *Lord Mayor* for the Time being, as long as he can fill it at all. This suits *Patteson*, who says he will sooner shift Masters year by year, than grow too fond of any Man again, as he hath of *Father;* but there has been sad blubbering and blowing of Noses.

Sept. 24th.

THIS Afternoon, coming upon *Mercy* seated in the Alcove, like unto the Image of some Saint in a Niche, her Hands folded on her Lap, and her Eyes steadfastly agaze on the setting Sun, I could not but mark how Years were silentlie at work upon her, as doubtless upon us alle; the tender, fearfulle Girl having thus graduallie changed into the sober, high-minded Woman. She is so seldom seene in Repose, so constantly astir and afoot in this or that kind Office, mostly about the Children, that I had never thought upon it before; but now I was alle at once avised to marvel that she who had so long seemed fitter for Heaven than Earth, shoulde never literallie have vowed herself the Spouse of *Christ;* more in especiall as all Expectation of being the Spouse of anie else must long since have died within her.

I sayd, "*Mercy*, thou lookst like a Nun: how is't thou hast ne'er become one in Earnest?"

She started; then sayd, "Could I be more usefull? more harmless? less exposed to Temptation? or half so happy as I am now? In sooth, *Meg*, the Time has been when methought, how sweet the living Death of the Cloister! How good that must needs be which had the Suffrages of *Chrysostom* the golden-mouthed, and holy *Ambrose*, and our own *Anselm!* How peacefull, to take Wing like the Dove, and fly away from a naughty World, and be at Rest! How brave, to live alone, like St *Antony*, in the Desert!

only I would have had some Books with me in my Cave, and 'tis uncertayn whether St *Antony* had Knowledge of Letters, beyond the heaven-taught Lesson, 'GOD is Love,' . . . for methought so much Reflection and no Action would be too much for a Woman's Mind to bear—I might goe mad: and I remembered me how the Dove that gladly flew away from the Ark, gladly flew back, and abode in the Ark till such Time as a new Home was ready for her. And methought, cannot I live apart from Sin here, and now; and as to Sorrow, where can we live apart from that? Sure, we may live on the Skirts of the World in a Spiritt as truly unworldlie as though we were altogether out of it: and here I may come and go, and range in the fresh Air, and love other Folks' Children, and read my Psalter, and pore over the Sayings of the wise Men of old, and look on the Faces I love, and sit at the Feet of Sir *Thomas More*. Soe there, *Meg*, are my poor Reasons for not caring to be a Nun. Our deare Lord is in himself all that our highest, holiest Affections can seek or comprehend; for he made these our Hearts; he gave us these our Affections; and through them the Spirit speaks. Aspiring to their Source, they rise up like the white Smoke and bright Flame; while, on Earth, if left unmastered, they burn, suffocate, and destroy. Yet they have their natural and innocent Outlets even here; and a Woman may warm herself by them without Scorching, and yet be neither a Wife nor a Nun."

Sept. 28*th.*

EVER since *Father's* Speech to us in the Pavilion, we have beene of one Heart and one Soul; neither have any of us said that aught of the Things we possessed were our own, but we have had all Things in Common. And we have eaten our Meat with Gladness and Singleness of Heart.

This Afternoon, expressing to *Father* my gratefull Sense of our present Happiness . . . "Yes, *Meg*," returns he, "I too, am deeply thankful for this breathing Space."

"Do you look on it as no more, then?" I sayd.

"As no more, *Meg:* we shall have a Thunder-clap by-and-by. Look out on the *Thames*. See how unwontedlie clear it is, and how low the Swallows fly. . . . How distinctlie we see the green Sedges on *Battersea* Bank, and their reflected Images in the Water. We can almost discern the Features of those poor Knaves digging in the Cabbage Gardens, and hear 'em talk, so still is the Air. Have you ne'er before noted these Signs?"

"A Storm is brewing," I sayd.

"Aye, we shall have a Lightning-flash anon. So still, *Meg*, is also our moral Atmosphere just now. GOD is giving us a breathing Space, as he did to the Egyptians before the Plague of Hail, that they might gather their live Stock within Doors. Let us take for Example them that believed and obeyed him; and improve this holy Pause."

Just at this Moment, a few heavie Drops fell agaynst the Window Pane, and were seene by both. Our Eyes met; and I felt a silent Pang.

"Five Days before the *Passover*," resumed *Father*, "all seemed as still and quiet as we are now; but JESUS knew his Hour was at hand. E'en while he yet spake familiarly among the People, there came a Sound from Heaven, and they that stood by said it thundered; but *he* knew it for the Voice of his dear Father. Let us, in like Manner, when the Clap cometh, recognise in it the Voice of GOD, and not be afraid with any Amazement."

Nov. 2d.

GAMMER GURNEY is dead, and I must say I am glad of it. The Change, to her, must be blessed, and there seemed some Danger lest, after having escaped being ducked for a Witch, she shoulde have been burnt for a Heretic. *Father* looked on her as an obstinate old Woman; *Will* counted her little short of a Saint and Prophetess, and kept her well supplied with alle she could need. Latterly she was stone deaf; so 'tis a happy Release.

The settled Purpose of *Father's* Soul, just now, is to make up a Marriage between *Mercy* and Dr *Clement*. 'Tis high Advancement for her, and there seems to have been some old Liking between 'em we never knew of.

1533, *April* 1.

THOUGH some Months have passed since my Father uttered his warning Voice, and all continues to go quiet, I cannot forbear, now and then, to call his Monition to Mind, and look about for the Cloud that is to bring the Thunder-clap; but the Expectation sobers rather than saddens me.

This Morning, leaning over the River Wall, I was startled by the cold, damp Hand of some one from behind being laid on mine. At the same Time a familiar Voice exclaimed, "Canst tell us, Mistress, why Fools have hot Heads and Hands icy cold?"

I made Answer, "Canst tell me, *Patteson*, why Fools should stray out of Bounds?"

"Why, that's what Fools do every Day," he readily replied; "but this is *All Fools' Day*, mine own special Holiday; and I told my *Lord Mayor* overnight, that if he lookt for a Fool this Morning, he must look in the Glass. In sooth, Mistress *Meg*, I should by Rights wear the Gold Chain and he the Motley; for a proper Fool he is, and I shall be glad when his Year's Service to me is out. The worst o' these Lord Mayors is, that we can't part with 'em till their Time's up. Why now, this present one hath not so much Understanding as would foot an old Stocking; 'twas but yesterday when, in Quality of my Taster, he civilly enough makes over to me a half-eaten Plate of Gurnet, which I wave aside, thus, saying, I eat no Fish of which I cannot affirm, *'rari*

sunt Boni,' few are the Bones . . . and I protest to you he knew it not for Fools' Latin. Thus I'm driven, from mere Discouragement, to leave prating for listening, which thou knowest, Mistress, is no Fool's Office ; and among the sundrie Matters I hear at my Lord's Table . . . for he minds not what he says before his Servants, thereby giving new Proof 'tis he shoulde wear the Motley . . . I note his saying that the *King's* private Marriage will assuredlie be made publick this coming Easter, and my Lady *Anne* will be crowned . . . more by token, he knows the Merchant that will supply the *Genoa* Velvet and Cloth of Gold, and the Masquers that are to enact the Pageant. For the Love o' Safety, then, Mistress *Meg*, bid thy good *Father* e'en take a Fool's Advice, and eat humble Pie betimes, for doubt not this proud Madam to be as vindictive as *Herodias*, and one that, unless he appease her full early, will have his Head set before her in a Charger. I've said my Say."

April 4th.

THREE Bishops have been here this Forenoon, to bid *Father* to the Coronation, and offer him twenty Pounds to provide his Dress; but *Father* hath, with Courtesie, declined to be present. After much friendly pressing, they parted, seemingly on good Terms ; but I have Misgivings of the Issue.

April 9th.

A RIDICULOUS Charge hath beene got up 'gainst dear *Father*; no less than of Bribery and Corruption. One *Parnell* complaineth of a Decree given agaynst him in favour of one *Vaughan*, whose Wife, he deponeth, gave *Father* a gilt Flaggon. To the noe small Surprise of the Council, *Father* admitted that she had done soe: "But, my Lords," proceeded he, when they had uttered a few Sentences of Reprehension somewhat too exultantlie, "will ye list the Conclusion of the Tale? I bade my Butler fill the Cup with Wine, and having drunk her Health, I made her pledge me, and then restored her Gift, and would not take it again."

As innocent a Matter, touching the offering him a Pair of Gloves containing Forty Pounds, and his taking the first and returning the last, saying he preferred his Gloves without Lining, hath been made publick with like Triumph to his own goode Fame; but alack! these Feathers show which way sets the Wind.

April 13th.

A HEAVIER Charge than either of the above hath been got up, concerning the wicked Woman of *Kent*, with whom they accuse him of having tampered, that, in her pretended Revelations and Rhapsodies, she might utter Words against the *King's* Divorce.

His Name hath, indeed, been put in the Bill of Attainder; but out of Favour, he hath been granted a private Hearing, his Judges being, the new Archbishop, the new Chancellor, his Grace of *Norfolk*, and Master *Cromwell*.

He tells us that they stuck not to the Matter in Hand, but began cunningly enow to sound him on the *King's* Matters; and finding they could not shake him, did proceed to Threats, which, he told 'em, might well enow scare Children, but not him; and as to his having provoked his Grace the *King* to sett forth in his Book aught to dishonour and fetter a good Christian, his Grace himself well knew the Book was never shewn him save for verbal Criticism when the Subject-matter was completed *by the Makers of the same*, and that he had warned his Grace not to express soe much Submission to the Pope. Whereupon they with great Displeasure dismissed him, and he took boat for *Chelsea* with mine Husband in such gay Spiritts, that *Will*, not having been privy to what had passed, concluded his Name to have beene struck out of the Bill of Attainder, and congratulated him thereupon soe soone as they came aland, saying, "I guess, *Father*, all is well, seeing you thus merry."

"It is, indeed, son *Roper*," returns *Father* steadilie; repeating thereupon, once or twice, this Phrase, "All is well."

Will, somehow mistrusting him, puts the Matter to him agayn.

"You are then, *Father*, put out of the Bill?"

"Out of the Bill, good Fellow?" repeats *Father*, stopping short in his Walk, and regarding him with a Smile that *Will* sayth was like to break his Heart. . . . "Wouldst thou know, dear Son, why I am so joyful? In good Faith, I have given the Devil a foul Fall; for I have with those Lords gone so far, as that without great Shame I can ne'er go back. The first Step, *Will*, is the worst, and that's taken."

And so, to the House, with never another Word, *Will* being smote at the Heart.

But, this Forenoon, deare *Will* comes running in to me, with Joy all bright, and tells me he hath just heard from *Cromwell* that *Father's* Name is in sooth struck out. Thereupon, we go together to him with the News. He taketh it thankfully, yet composedly, saying, as he lays his Hand on my Shoulder, "In faith, *Meg, quod differtur non aufertur.*" Seeing me somewhat stricken and overborne, he sayth, "Come, let's leave good *Will* awhile to the Company of his own select and profitable Thoughts, and take a Turn together by the Water Side."

Then closing his Book, which I marked was *Plato's Phædon*, he steps forthe with me into the Garden, leaning on my Shoulder, and pretty heavilie too. After a Turn or two in Silence, he lightens his Pressure, and in a bland, peaceifying Tone commences *Horace* his tenth Ode, Book second, and goes through the first fourteen or fifteen Lines in a kind of lulling Monotone; then takes another Turn or two, ever looking at the *Thames*; and in a stronger Voice begins his favourite

"*Justum, ac tenacem Propositi Virum*
Non Civium Ardor," etc.

on to

"*Impavidum ferient Ruinæ*;"

—and lets go his Hold on me to extend his Hand in fine, free Action. Then, drawing me to him agayn, presentlie murmurs, "I reckon that the Sufferings of this present Time are not worthy to be compared with the Glory which shall be revealed in us. . . . Oh no, not worthy to be compared. I have lived; I have laboured; I have loved. I have lived in them I loved; laboured for them I loved; loved them for whom I laboured; my Labour has not been in vayn. To love and to labour is the Sum of living, and yet how manie think they live who neither labour nor love! Agayn, how manie labour and love, and yet are not loved; but I have beene loved, and my Labour has not been in vayn. Now, the Daye is far spent, and the Night is at hand, and the Time draweth nigh when Man resteth from his Labours, even from his Labours of Love; but still he shall love and he shall live where the Spiritt sayth he shall rest from his Labours, and where his Works do follow him, for he entereth into Rest through and to Him who is Life, and Light, and Love."

Then looking steadfastlie at the *Thames*, "How quietlie," sayth he, "it flows on! This River, *Meg*, hath its Origin from seven petty Springs somewhither amongst the *Gloucestershire* Hills, where they bubble forthe unnoted save by the Herd and Hind. Belike, they murmur over the Pebbles prettily enough; but a

great River, mark you, never murmurs. It murmured and babbled too, 'tis like, whilst only a Brook, and brawled away as it widened and deepened and chafed agaynst Obstacles, and here and there got a Fall, and splashed and made much Ado, but ever kept running on towards its End, still deepening and widening; and now towards the Close of its Course look you how swift and quiet it is, running mostly between Flats, and with the dear blue Heaven reflected in its Face." . . .

1534, *April* 12.

'Twas o' *Wednesdaye* was a Week, we were quietly taking our Dinner, when, after a loud and violent Knocking at the outer Door, in cometh a Pursuivant, and summoneth *Father* to appear next Daye before the Commissioners, to take the newly-coined Oath of Supremacy. *Mother* utters a hasty Cry, *Bess* turns white as Death, but I, urged by I know not what suddain Impulse to con the new Comer's Visage narrowly, did with Eagerness exclaim, "Here's some Jest of *Father's;* it's only *Dick Halliwell!*"

Whereupon, *Father* burst out a-laughing, hugged *Mother*, called *Bess* a silly Puss, and gave *Halliwell* a Groat for's Payns. Now, while some were laughing, and others taking *Father* prettie sharplie to Task for soe rough a Crank, I fell a muzing, what could be the Drift of this, and coulde only surmize it mighte be to harden us beforehand, as 'twere, to what was sure to come at last. And the Pre-apprehension of this

soe belaboured my alreadie 'oerburthened Spiritts, as that I was fayn to betake myself to the Nurserie, and lose all Thought and Reflection in my little *Bess's* prettie Ways. And, this not answering, was forct to have Recourse to Prayer; then, leaving my Closett, was able to return to the Nurserie, and forget myselfe awhile in the Mirth of the Infants.

Hearing Voyces beneathe the Lattice, I lookt forthe, and beheld his Grace of *Norfolk* (of late a strange Guest) walking beneath the Window in earnest Converse with *Father;* and, as they turned about, I hearde him say, "By the Mass, Master *More*, 'tis perilous striving with Princes. I could wish you, as a Friend, to incline to the *King's* Pleasure; for *Indignatio Principis Mors est.*"

"Is that all?" says *Father;* "why then there will be onlie this Difference between your Grace and me, that I shall die to-daye, and you to-morrow;"—which was the Sum of what I caught.

Next Morning, we were breaking our Fast with Peacefullnesse of Heart, on the Principle that sufficient for the Daye is the Evill thereof, and there had beene a wordy War between our two Factions of the *Neri* and *Bianchi*, *Bess* having defalked from the Mancheteers on the Ground that black Bread sweetened the Breath and settled the Teeth, to the no small Triumph of the Cob Loaf Party; while *Daisy*, persevering at her Crusts, sayd, "No, I can cleave to the Rye Bread as steddilie as anie among you, but 'tis vayn of *Father* to maintain that it is as toothsome as a Manchet, or that I eat it to whiten

my Teeth, for thereby he robs Self-deniall of its Grace."

Father, strange to say, seemed taken at Vantage, and was pausing for a Retort, when *Hobson* coming in and whispering Somewhat in his Ear, he rose suddainlie and went forthe of the Hall with him, putting his Head back agayn to say, "Rest ye alle awhile where ye be," which we did, uneasilie enow. Anon he returns, brushing his Cap, and says calmlie, "Now, let's forthe to Church," and clips *Mother's* Arm beneathe his owne and leads the Way. We follow as soon as we can; and I, listing to him more than to the Priest, did think I never hearde him make Response more composedlie, nor sing more lustilie, by the which I founde myself in stouter Heart. After Prayers, he is shriven, after which he saunters back with us to the House; then brisklie turning on his Heel, cries to my Husband, "Now, *Will*, let's toward, Lad," and claps the Wicket after him, leaving us at t'other Side without so much as casting back a parting Look. Though he evermore had beene avised to let us companie him to the Boat, and there kiss him once and agayn or ever he went, I know not that I should have thoughte much of this, had not *Daisy*, looking after him keenly, exclaymed somewhat shortlie as she turned in Doors, "I wish I had not uttered that Quip about the Cob-loaf."

Oh, how heavilie sped the Day! The House, too big now for its Master's diminished Retinue, had yet never hitherto seemed lonesome; but now a Somewhat of drearie and dreadfull, inexpressible in Words,

invisible to the Eye, but apprehended by the inner Sense, filled the blank Space alle about. For the first Time, everie one seemed idle; not only disinclined for Businesse, but as though there was Something unseemlie in addressing one's Self to it. There was nothing to cry about, nothing to talk over, and yet we alle stoode agaze at each other in Groups, like the Cattle under the Trees when a Storm is at hand. *Mercy* was the first to start off. I held her back and said, "What is to do?" She whispered, "Pray." I let her Arm drop, but *Bess* at that Instant comes up with Cheeks as colourless as Parchment. She sayth, "'Tis made out now. A Pursuivant *de Facto* fetched him forthe this Morning." We gave one deep, universal Sigh; *Mercy* broke away, and I after her, to seek the same Remedy, but alack, in vayn. . . .

15*th*.

How large a Debt we owe you, wise and holie Men of old! How ye counsel us to Patience, incite us to Self-mastery, cheer us on to high Emprize, temper in us the Heat of Youth, school our Inexperience, calm the o'erwrought Mind, allay the Anguish of Disappointment, cheat Suspense, and master Despair. . . How much better and happier ye would make us, if we would but list your Teaching!

Bess hath fallen Sick; no marvell. Everie one goeth heavilie. Alle Joy is darkened; the Mirthe of the House is gone.

Will tells me, that as they pushed off from the Stairs, *Father* took him about the Neck and whispered, "I thank our LORD, the Field is won!" Sure, *Regulus* ne'er went forthe with higher Self-devotion.

Having declared his Inabilitie to take the Oath as it stoode, they bade him, *Will* tells me, take a Turn in the Garden while they administered it to sundrie others, thus affording him Leisure for Re-consideration. But they might as well have bidden the Neap-tide turn before its Hour. When called in agayn, he was as firm as ever, so was given in Ward to the *Abbot* of *Westminster* till the *King's* Grace was informed of the Matter. And now, the Fool's wise Saying of vindictive *Herodias* came true, for 'twas the *King's* Mind to have Mercy on his old Servant, and tender him a qualifyed Oath; but Queen *Anne*, by her importunate Clamours, did overrule his proper Will, and at four Days' End, the full Oath being agayn tendered and rejected, *Father* was committed to the Tower. Oh, wicked Woman, how could you? . . . Sure, you never loved a Father. . . .

May 22d.

IN Answer to our incessant Applications throughout this last Month past, *Mother* hath at length obtayned Access to dear *Father*. She returned, her Eyes nigh swollen to closing with weeping. . . . We crowded round about, burning for her Report, but 'twas some Time ere she coulde fetch Breath of Heart to give it us. At length *Daisy*, kissing her Hand once and

agayn, draws forthe a disjoynted Tale, somewhat after this Fashion.

"Come, give over weeping, dearest *Mother*, 'twill do neither him, you, nor us anie Goode. . . . What was your first Speech of him?"

"Oh, my first Speech, Sweetheart, was 'What, my Goodness, Mr *More!* I marvell how that you, who were always counted a wise Man, should now soe play the Fool as to lie here in this close, filthy Prison, shut up with Mice and Rats, when you mighte be abroade and at your Liberty, with the Favour of King and Council, and return to your righte fayr House, your Books and Gallery, and your Wife, Children, and Household, if soe be you onlie woulde but do what the Bishops and best learned of the Realm have, without Scruple, done alreadie.'"

"And what sayd he, *Mother*, to that?" . . .

"Why, then, Sweetheart, he chucks me under the Chin and sayeth, 'I prithee, good Mrs *Alice*, to tell me one Thing.' . . . Soe then I say, 'What Thing?' Soe then he sayeth, 'Is not this House, Sweetheart, as nigh Heaven as mine own?' Soe then I jerk my Head away and say, 'Tilly-valley! Tilly-valley!'"

Sayth *Bess* "Sure, *Mother*, that was cold Comfort. . . . And what next?"

"Why, then I said, '*Bone Deus*, Man! *Bone Deus!* will this Gear never be left?' So then he sayth, 'Well then, Mrs *Alice*, if it be soe, 'tis mighty well, but, for my Part, I see no greate Reason why I shoulde much joy in my gay House, or in Aniething belong-

ing thereunto, when, if I shoulde be but seven Years buried underground, and then arise and come thither agayn, I shoulde not fail to find Some therein that woulde bid me get out of Doors, and tell me 'twas none o' mine. What Cause have I, then, to care soe greatlie for a House that woulde soe soone forget its Master?'"

"And then, *Mother?* and then?"

"Soe then, Sweetheart, he sayth, 'Come tell me, Mrs *Alice*, how long do you think we might reckon on living to enjoy it?' Soe I say, 'Some twenty Years, forsooth.' 'In faith,' says he, 'had you said some thousand Years, it had beene Somewhat; and yet he were a very bad Merchant that woulde put himselfe in Danger to lose Eternity for a thousand Years . . . how much the rather if we are not sure to enjoy it one Day to an End?' Soe then he puts me off with Questions, How is *Will?* and *Daisy?* and *Rupert?* and this one? and t'other one? and the Peacocks? and Rabbits? and have we elected a new King of the Cob-loaf yet? and has *Tom* found his Hoop? and is the Hasp of the Buttery-hatch mended yet? and how goes the Court? and what was the Text o' *Sunday?* and have I practised the Viol! and how are we off for Money? and why can't he see *Meg?* Then he asks for this Book and t'other Book, but I've forgot their Names, and he sayth he's kept mighty short of Meat, though 'tis little he eats, but his Man *John a Wood* is gay an' hungry, and 'tis worth a World to see him at a salt Herring. Then he gives me Counsell of this and that, and puts his Arm

about me and says, 'Come, let us pray;' but while he kept praying for one and t'other, I kept a-counting of his gray Hairs; he'd none a Month agone. And we're scarce off our Knees, when I'm fetched away; and I say, 'When will you change your Note, and act like a wise Man?' and he sayth, 'When? when?' looking very profound; 'why, . . . when Gorse is out of Blossom and Kissing out of Fashion.' Soe puts me forthe by the Shoulders with a Laugh, calling after me, 'Remember me over and over agayn to them alle, and let me see *Meg*.'"

. . . I feel as if a String were tied tight about my Heart. Methinketh 'twill burst if we goe on long soe.

July 25th.

HE hath writ us a few Lines with a Coal, ending with "*Sursum Corda*, dear Children! up with your Hearts." The Bearer was dear *Bonvisi*.

Aug. 16th.

THE LORD begins to cut us short. We are now on very meagre Commons, dear *Mother* being obliged to pay fifteen Shillings a week for the Board, poor as it is, of *Father* and his Servant. She hath parted with her Velvet Gown, embroidered overthwart, to my Lady *Sands*' Woman. Her Mantle edged with Coney went long ago.

But we lose not Heart; I think mine is becoming annealed in the Furnace, and will not now break. I

have writ somewhat after this Fashion to him. . . . "What do you think, most dear *Father*, doth comfort us at *Chelsea*, during this your Absence? Surelie, the Remembrance of your Manner of Life among us, your holy Conversation, your wholesome Counsells, your Examples of Virtue, of which there is Hope that they do not onlie persevere with you, but that, by GOD's Grace, they are much increast."

I weary to see him. . . . Yes, we shall meet in Heaven, but how long first, O LORD? how long?

Aug. 20*th.*

Now that I've come back, let me seek to think, to remember. . . . Sure, my Head will clear by-and-by! Strange, that Feeling shoulde have the Masterdom of Thought and Memory, in Matters it is most concerned to retayn.

. . . I minded to put the Haircloth and Cord under my Farthingale, and one or two of the smaller Books in my Pouch, as alsoe some Sweets and Suckets such as he was used to love. *Will* and *Bonvisi* were a-waiting for me; and deare *Bess*, putting forthe her Head from her Chamber Door, cries piteously, "Tell him, dear *Meg*, tell him . . . 'twas never soe sad to me to be sick . . . and that I hope . . . I pray . . . the Time may come . . ." then falls back swooning into *Dancey's* Arms, whom I leave crying heartilie over her, and hasten below to receive the confused Medley of Messages sent by every other Member of the House. For mine owne Part, I was in such a

tremulous Succussion as to be scarce fitt to stand or goe; but Time and the Tide will noe Man bide, and, once having taken Boat, the cool River Air allayed my fevered Spiritts; onlie I coulde not for awhile get ridd of the Impression of poor *Dancey* crying over *Bess* in her Deliquium.

I think none o' the three opened our Lips before we reached *Lambeth*, save, in the *Reach*, *Will* cried to the Steersman, "Look you run us not aground," in a sharper Voyce than I e'er heard from him. After passing the *Archbishop's* Palace, whereon I gazed full ruefullie, good *Bonvisi* beganne to mention some Rhymes he had founde writ with a Diamond on one of the Window-panes at *Crosby House*, and would know were they *Father's?* and was't the Chamber *Father* had used to sleep in? I tolde him it was, but knew Nought of the Distich, though 'twas like enow to be his. And thence he went on to this and that, how that *Father's* cheerfulle, funny Humour never forsook him, nor his brave Heart never quelled; instancing his fearlesse Passage through the Traitor's Gate, asking his Neighbours whether *his* Gait were that of a Traditor; and, on being sued by the Porter for his upper Garment, giving him his *Cap*, which he sayd was uppermost. And other such Quips and Passages, which I scarce noted nor smiled at, soe sorry was I of Cheer.

At length we stayed rowing: *Will* lifted me out, kissed me, heartened me up; and, indeede, I was in better Heart then, having been quietlie in Prayer a good While. After some few Forms, we were led

through sundrie Turns and Passages; and, or ever I was aware, I founde myself quit of my Companions and in *Father's* Arms.

We both cried a little at first; I wonder I wept noe more, but Strength was given me in that Hour. As soone as I coulde, I lookt him in the Face, and he lookt at me, and I was beginning to note his hollow Cheeks, when he sayd, "Why, *Meg*, you are getting freckled;" soe that made us bothe laugh. He sayd, "You shoulde get some Freckle-water of the Lady that sent me here; depend on it, she hath Washes and Tinctures in Plenty; and after all, *Meg*, she'll come to the same End at last, and be as the Lady all Bone and Skin, whose ghastlie Legend used to scare thee soe when thou wert a Child. Don't tell that Story to thy Children; 'twill hamper 'em with unsavoury Images of Death. Tell them of Heavenlie Hosts a-waiting to carry off good Men's Souls in fire-bright Chariots, with Horses of the Sun, to a Land where they shall never more be surbated and weary, but walk on cool, springy Turf and among Myrtle Trees, and eat Fruits that shall heal while they delight them, and drink the coldest of cold Water, fresh from the River of Life, and have Space to stretch themselves, and bathe, and leap, and run, and, whichever Way they look, meet *Christ's* Eyes smiling on them. Sure, *Meg*, who would live, that coulde die? One mighte as lief be an Angel shut up in a Nutshell as bide here. Fancy how gladsome the sweet Spirit woulde be to have the Shell cracked! no matter by whom; the King, or King's Mistress....

Let her dainty Foot but set him free, he'd say, 'For this Release, much Thanks.' . . . And how goes the Court, *Meg?*"

"In Faith, *Father*, never better. . . . There is Nothing else there, I hear, but Dancing and Disporting."

"Never better, Child, sayst thou? Alas, *Meg*, it pitieth me to consider what Misery, poor Soul, she will shortlie come to. These Dances of hers will prove such Dances that she will spurn our Heads off like Footballs; but 'twill not be long ere her Head will dance the like Dance. Mark you, *Meg*, a Man that restraineth not his Passions, hath always Something cruel in his Nature, and if there be a Woman toward, she is sure to suffer heaviest for it, first or last. . . . Seek Scripture Precedent for't . . . you'll find it as I say. Stony as Death, cruel as the Grave. Those *Pharisees* that were, to a Man, convicted of Sin, yet haled a sinning Woman before the LORD, and woulde fain have seene the Dogs lick up her Blood. When they lick up mine, deare *Meg*, let not your Heart be troubled, even though they shoulde hale thee to *London Bridge*, to see my Head stuck on a Pole. Think, most dear'st, I shall then have more Reason to weep for thee than thou for me. But there's noe weeping in Heaven; and bear in Mind, *Meg*, distinctlie, that if they send me thither, 'twill be for obeying the Law of GOD rather than of Men. And after alle, we live not in the bloody, barbarous old Times of Crucifyings and Flayings, and immersing in Cauldrons of boiling Oil.

One Stroke, and the Affair's done. A clumsy Chirurgeon would be longer extracting a Tooth. We have oft agreed that the little Birds struck down by the Kite and Hawk suffer less than if they were reserved to a naturall Death. There is one sensible Difference, indeed, between us. In our Cases, Preparation is a-wanting."

Hereon, I minded me to slip off the Haircloth and Rope, and give the same to him, along with the Books and Suckets, all which he hid away privatelie, making merry at the last.

"'Twoulde tell well before the Council," quoth he, "that on searching the Prison-cell of Sir *Thomas More*, there was founde, flagitiouslie and mysteriouslie laid up . . . a piece of Barley-sugar!"

Then we talked over sundrie Home-matters; and anon, having now both of us attayned unto an equable and chastened Serenitie of Mind, which needed not any false Shows of Mirth to hide the naturall Complexion of, he sayth, "I believe *Meg*, they that have put me here ween they have done me a high Displeasure; but I assure thee on my Faith, mine owne good Daughter, that if it had not beene for my Wife, and for you, my dear good Children, I woulde faine have beene closed up, long ere this, in as strait a Room, and straiter too."

Thereon, he shewed me how illegal was his Imprisonment, there being noe Statute to authorize the Imposition of the Oath, and he delivered himself, with some Displeasure, agaynst the King's ill Counsellors.

"And surelie, *Meg*," quoth he, "'tis pitie that anie Christian Prince shoulde, by a flexible Council readie to follow his Affections, and by a weak Clergy lacking Grace to stand constantly to the Truth as they have learned it, be with Flattery so constantly abused. The Lotus Fruit fabled by the Ancients, which made them that ate it lose all Relish for the daylie Bread of their own Homes, was Flattery, *Meg*, as I take it, and Nothing else. And what less was the Song of the Syrens, agaynst which *Ulysses* made his Sailors stop their Ears, and which he, with all his Wisdom, coulde not listen to without struggling to be unbound from the Mast? Even Praise, *Meg*, which, moderately given, may animate and cheer forward the noblest Minds, yet too lavishly bestowed, will decrease and palsy their Strength, e'en as an Over-dose of the most generous and sprightlie Medicine may prove mortiferous. But Flattery is noe Medicine, but a rank Poison, which hath slayn Kings, yea, and mighty Kings; and they who love it, the LORD knoweth afar off; knoweth distantlie, has no care to know intimatelie, for they are none of his."

Thus we went on, from one Theme to another, till methinketh a heavenlie Light seemed to shine alle about us, like as when the Angel entered the Prison of *Peter*. I hung upon everie Word and Thought that issued from his Lips, and drank them in as thirsty Land sucks up the tender Rain. . . . Had the Angel of Death at that Hour come in to fetch both of us away, I woulde not have sayd him nay, I was soe passively, soe intenselie happy. At length, as Time

wore on, and I knew I shoulde soone be fetcht forthe, I coulde not but wish I had the Clew to some secret Passage or Subterraneal, of the which there were doubtless Plenty in the thick Walls, whereby we might steal off together. *Father* made Answer, "Wishes never filled a Sack. I make it my Businesse, *Meg*, to wish as little as I can, except that I were better and wiser. You fancy these four Walls lonesome; how oft, dost thou suppose, I here receive *Plato* and *Socrates*, and this and that holy Saint and Martyr? My Gaolers can noe more keep them out than they can exclude the Sunbeams. Thou knowest, Jesus stood among his Disciples when the Doors were shut. I am not more lonely than St *Anthony* in his Cave, and I have a divine Light e'en here, whereby to con the Lesson, 'God is Love.' The Futility of our Enemies' Efforts to make us miserable was never more stronglie proven to me than when I was a mere Boy in *Cardinall Morton's* Service. Having unwittinglie angered one of his Chaplains, a choleric and even malignant-spirited Man, he did, of his owne Authoritie, shut me up for some Hours in a certayn damp Vault, which, to a Lad afeard of Ghosts, and devilish Apparitions, would have beene fearsome enow. Howbeit, I there cast myself on the Ground with my Back sett agaynst the Wall, and mine Arm behind my Head, this Fashion . . . and did then and there, by reason of a young Heart, quiet Conscience, and quick Phansy, conjure up such a lively Picture of the Queen o' the Fairies' Court, and alle the Sayings and Doings therein, that never was I more sorry than when my

Gaoler let me goe free, and bade me rise up and be doing. In place, therefore, my Daughter, of thinking of me in thy Night Watches as beating my Wings agaynst my Cage Bars, trust that GOD comes to look in upon me without Knocking or Bell-ringing. Often in Spiritt I am with you alle; in the Chapel, in the Hall, in the Garden; now in the Hayfield, with my Head on thy Lap, now on the River, with *Will* and *Rupert* at the Oar. You see me not about your Path, you won't see my disembodied Spiritt beside you hereafter, but it may be close upon you once and agayn for alle that: maybe, at Times when you have prayed with most Passion, or suffered with most Patience, or performed my Hests with most Exactness, or remembered my Care of you with most Affection. And now, good Speed, good *Meg*, I hear the Key turn in the Door. . . . This Kiss for thy Mother, this for *Bess*, this for *Cecil*, . . . this and this for my whole School. Keep dry Eyes and a hopefull Heart; and reflect that Nought but unpardoned Sin shoulde make us weep for ever."

September.

SEEING the Woodman fell a noble Tree, which, as it went to the Ground, did uptear severall small Plants by the Roots, methoughte such woulde be the Fall of dear *Father*, herein more sad than that of the Abbot of *Sion* and the *Charterhouse* Monks, inasmuch as, being celibate, they involve noe others in theire Ruin. Brave, holie Martyrs! how cheerfully they went to

theire Death. I'm glad to have seene how pious Men may turn e'en an ignominious Sentence into a kind of Euthanasy. Dear *Father* bade me note how they bore themselves as Bridegrooms going to theire Marriage, and converted what mighte have beene a Shock to my surcharged Spiritts, into a Lesson of deepe and high Comfort.

One Thing hath grieved me sorelie. He mistooke Somewhat I sayd at parting for an Implication of my Wish that he shoulde yield up his Conscience. Oh no, dearest *Father*, that be far from me! It seems to have cut him to the Heart, for he hath writ that "none of the terrible Things that may befall him touch him soe nearlie as that his dearly beloved Child, whose Opinion he soe much values, shoulde desire him to overrule his Conscience." That be far from me, *Father!* I have writ to explayn the Matter, but his Reproach, undeserved though it be, hath troubled my Heart.

November.

PARLIAMENT will meet to-morrow. 'Tis expected *Father* and the good Bishop of *Rochester* will be attainted for Misprision of Treason by the Slavish Members thereof; and though not given hithertoe unto much Heede of Omens and Bodements while our Hearts were light and our Courage high, yet now the coming Evill seemeth forshadowed unto alle by I know not how many melancholick Presages, sent, for aught we know, in Mercy. Now that the days

are dark and short, and the Nights stormy, we shun to linger much after Dusk in lone Chambers and Passages, and what was sayd of the Enemies of *Israel* may be nigh sayd of us, "that a falling Leaf shall chase them." I'm sure "a going in the Tops of the Mulberry Trees" on a blusterous Evening, is enow to draw us alle, Men, Mothers, and Maids, together in an Heap. . . . We goe aboute the House in Twos and Threes, and care not much to leave the Fireside. Last *Sunday* we had closed about the Hearth, and little *Bill* was a reading by the Fire-light how *Herodias'* Daughter danced off the Head of St *John* the *Baptist*, when down comes an emptie Swallow's Nest tumbling adown the Chimnie, bringing with it enow of Soot, Smoke, and Rubbish to half smother us alle; but the Dust was nothing to the Dismay thereby occasioned, and I noted one or two of our bravest turn as pale as Death. Then, the Rats have skirmished and gallopped behind the Wainscoat more like a Troop of Horse than a Herd of such small Deer, to the infinite Annoyance of *Mother*, who coulde not be more firmly persuaded they were about to leave a falling House, if, like the scared Priests in the Temple of *Jerusalem*, she had heard a Voyce utter, "Let us depart hence." The round upper Half of the Cob-loaf rolled off the Table this Morning; and *Rupert*, as he picked it up, gave a Kind of Shudder, and muttered somewhat about a Head rolling from the Scaffold. Worse than this was o' *Tuesday* Night. . . . 'Twas Bed-time, and yet none were liking to goe, when, o' suddain, we hearde a Screech that made

every Body's Heart thrill, followed by one or two hollow Groans. *Will* snatches up the Lamp and runs forth, I close following, and alle the others at our Heels; and after looking into sundrie deserted Cupboards and Corners, we descend the broad Stone Steps of the Cellars, half way down which *Will*, stumbling over something he sees not, takes a flying Leap to clear himself down to the Bottom, luckily without extinguishing the Lamp. We find *Gillian* on the Steps in a Swoon; on bringing her to, she exclayms about a Ghost without a Head, wrapped in a Winding-sheet, that confronted her and then sank to the Ground as she entered the Vaults. We cast a fearfulle Look about, and descry a tall white Sack of Flour, recently overturned by the Rats, which clears up the Mystery, and procures *Gillian* a little Jeering; but we alle return to the Hall with fluttered Spiritts. Another Time I, going up to the Nurserie in the Dark, on hearing Baby cry, am passed on the Stairs by I know not what, breathing heavilie. I reache forthe my Arm, but pass cleare through the spirituall Nature, whatever it is, yet distinctlie feel my Cheek and Neck fanned by its Breath. I turn very faint, and get Nurse to goe with me when I return, bearing a Light, yet think it as well to say nought to distress the rest.

But worst of alle was last Night. . . . After I had beene in Bed awhile, I minded me that deare *Will* had not returned me *Father's* Letter. I awoke him, and asked if he had broughte it up Stairs; he sleepily replied he had not, soe I hastily arose, threw on a

Cloke, took a Light, and entered the Gallery ; when, half-way along it, between me and the pale Moonshine, I was scared to behold a slender Figure alle in white, with naked Feet and Arms extended. I stoode agaze, speechlesse, and to my Terror made out the Features of *Bess* . . . her Eyes open, but vacant ; then saw *John Dancey* softly stealing after her, and signing to me with his Finger on his Lips. She passed without noting me, on to *Father's* Door, there knelt as if in Prayer, making a low sort of Wail, while *Dancey*, with Tears running down his Cheeks, whispered, " 'Tis the third Time of her thus sleep-walking . . . the Token of how troubled a Mind ! "

We disturbed her not, dreading that a suddain Waking might bring on Madness ; soe after making Moan awhile, she kisses the senseless Door, rises up, moves towards her own Chamber, followed by *Dancey* and me, wrings her Hands a little, then lies down and graduallie falls into what seems a dreamlesse Sleep, we watching her in Silence till she's quiet, and then squeezing each other's Hands ere we part.

——*Will* was wide awake when I got back ; he sayd, " Why, *Meg*, how long you have beene ! coulde you not lighte on the Letter ? " . . . When I tolde him what had hindered me by the Way, he turned his face to the Wall and wept.

Midnight.

THE wild Wind is abroad, and, methinketh, *nothing else*. Sure, how it rages through our empty Courts! In such a Season, Men, Beasts, and Fowls cower beneath the Shelter of their rocking Walls, yet almost fear to trust them. LORD, I know that thou canst give the Tempest double Force, but do not, I beseech thee! Oh! have Mercy on the frail Dwelling and the Ship at Sea.

Dear little *Bill* hath ta'en a feverish Attack. I watch beside him whilst his Nurse sleeps. Earlie in the Night his Mind wandered, and he told me of a pretty pyebald Poney, noe bigger than a Bee, that had golden Housings and Barley-sugar Eyes; then dozed, but ever and anon kept starting up, crying, "Mammy dear!" and softlie murmured, "Oh!" when he saw I was by. At length I gave him my Forefinger to hold, which kept him ware of my Presence without speaking; but presentlie he stares hard towards the Foot of the Bed, and says fearfullie, "*Mother*, why hangs yon Hatchet in the Air, with its sharp Edge turned towards us?" I rise, move the Lamp, and say, "Do you see it now?" He sayth, "No, not now," and closes his Eyes. After a good Space, during the which I hoped he slept, he says in quite an altered Tone, most like unto soft, sweet Music, "There's a pretty little Cherub there now, alle Head and noe Body, with two little Wings aneath his Chin; but for alle he's soe pretty, he is just

like dear *Gaffer*, and seems to know me . . . and he'll have a Body agayn too, I believe, by and by. . . . *Mother*, *Mother*, tell *Hobbinol* there's such a gentle Lamb in Heaven!" And soe slept.

17*th.*

He's gone, my pretty! . . . slipt through my Fingers like a Bird! upfled to his own native Skies; and yet, whenas I think on him, I cannot choose but weepe. . . . Such a guilelesse little Lamb! . . . My Billy-bird! his Mother's owne Heart!—They are alle wondrous kind to me. . . .

27*th.*

How strange that a little Child shoulde be permitted to suffer soe much Payn, when of such is the Kingdom of Heaven! But 'tis onlie transient, whereas a Mother makes it permanent, by thinking it over and over agayn. One Lesson it taughte us betimes, that a naturall Death is not, necessarilie, the most easie. We must alle die. . . . As poor *Patteson* was used to say, "The greatest King that ever was made, must bed at last with Shovel and Spade," . . . and I'd sooner have my *Billy's* Baby Deathbed than King *Harry's*, or *Nan Boleyn's* either, however manie Years they may yet carry Matters with a high Hand. Oh, you Ministers of Evill, whoever ye be, visible or invisible, you shall not build a Wall between my God and me. . . . I've Something within me grows stronger

and stronger, as Times grow more and more Evill; some woulde call it Resolution, but methinketh 'tis Faith.

Meantime, *Father's* Foes . . . alack that anie can shew 'emselves such! are aiming, by fayr Seemings of friendlie Conference, to draw from him Admissions they can come at after noe other Fashion. The new *Solicitor Generall* hath gone to the Tower to deprive him of the few Books I have taken him from Time to Time. . . . Ah, Master *Rich*, you must deprive him of his Brains afore you can rob him of their Contents! . . . and, while having 'em packt up, he falls into easie Dialogue with him, as thus, . . . "Why now, sure, Mr *More*, were there an Act of Parliament made that all the Realm shoulde take me for King, you woulde take me for such with the Rest."

"Aye, that would I, Sir," returns *Father*.

"Forsooth, then," pursues *Rich*, "we'll suppose another Act that should make me the Pope. Woulde you not take me for Pope?"

"Or suppose another Case, Mr *Rich*," returns *Father*, "that another Act shoulde pass, that GOD shoulde not be GOD, would you say well and good?"

"No, truly," returns the other hastily, "for no Parliament coulde make such Act lawful."

"True, as you say," repeats *Father*, "they coulde not," . . . soe eluded the Net of the Fowler; but how miserable and unhandsome a Device to lay wait for him thus!

. . . I stole forthe, ere 'twas Lighte, this damp chill Morning, to pray beside the little Grave, but

found dear *Daisy* there before me. How Christians love one another!

Will's Loss is as heavie as mine, yet he bears with me tenderlie. Yesternighte, he sayth to me half reproachfullie, "Am not I better unto thee than ten Sons?"

March, 1535.

SPRING comes, that brings Rejuvenescence to the Land, and Joy to the Heart, but it brings none to us, for where Hope dieth, Joy dieth. But Patience, Soul; GOD's yet in the Aumry!

May 7.

FATHER arraigned.

July 1.

BY Reason of *Will's* minding to be present at the Triall, which, for the Concourse of Spectators, demanded his earlie Attendance, he committed the Care of me, with *Bess*, to *Dancey*, who got us Places to see *Father* on his Way from the *Tower* to *Westminster Hall*. We coulde not come at him for the Crowd, but clambered on a Bench to gaze our very Hearts away after him as he went by, sallow, thin, grey-haired, yet in Mien not a Whit cast down. Wrapt in a coarse woollen Gown, and leaning on a Staff; which unwonted Support when *Bess* markt, she hid her Eyes on my Shoulder and wept sore, but soon lookt up agayn, though her Eyes were soe blinded, I think she coulde not see him. His Face

was calm, but grave, as he came up, but just as he passed he caughte the Eye of some one in the Crowd, and smiled in his old, frank Way; then glanced up towards the Windows with the bright Look he hath soe oft cast to me at my Casement, but saw us not. I coulde not help crying "*Father*," but he heard me not; perchance 'twas soe best. . . . I woulde not have had his Face cloud at the Sight of poor *Bessy's* Tears.

. . . *Will* tells me the Indictment was the longest ever hearde; on four Counts. First, his Opinion on the King's Marriage. Second, his writing sundrie Letters to the *Bishop of Rochester*, counselling him to hold out. Third, refusing to acknowledge his Grace's Supremacy. Fourth, his positive Deniall of it, and thereby willing to deprive the King of his Dignity and Title.

When the reading of this was over, the *Lord Chancellor* sayth, "Ye see how grievouslie you have offended the King his Grace, but and yet he is soe mercifulle, as that if ye will lay aside your Obstinacie, and change your Opinion, we hope ye may yet obtayn Pardon."

Father makes Answer . . . and at Sounde of his deare Voyce alle Men hold their Breaths; . . . "Most noble Lords, I have great Cause to thank your Honours for this your Courtesie . . . but I pray ALMIGHTY GOD I may continue in the Mind I'm in, through his Grace, until Death."

They coulde not make goode their Accusation agaynst him. 'Twas onlie on the Last Count he

could be made out a Traitor, and Proof of 't had they none; how coulde they have? He shoulde have beene acquitted out of hand, 'steade of which, his bitter Enemy my *Lord Chancellor* called on him for his Defence. *Will* sayth there was a generall Murmur or Sigh ran through the Court. *Father*, however, answered the Bidding by beginning to expresse his Hope that the Effect of long Imprisonment mighte not have beene such upon his Mind and Body, as to impair his Power of rightlie meeting alle the Charges agaynst him . . . when, turning faint with long standing, he staggered and loosed Hold of his Staff, whereon he was accorded a Seat. 'Twas but a Moment's Weakness of the Body, and he then proceeded frankly to avow his having always opposed the *King's* Marriage to his Grace himself, which he was soe far from thinking High Treason, that he shoulde rather have deemed it Treachery to have withholden his Opinion from his Sovereign King when solicited by him for his Counsell. His Letters to the good *Bishop* he proved to have been harmlesse. Touching his declining to give his Opinion, when askt, concerning the Supremacy, he alleged there coulde be noe Transgression in holding his Peace thereon, GOD only being cognizant of our Thoughts.

"Nay," interposeth the *Attorney Generall*, "your Silence was the Token of a malicious Mind."

"I had always understoode," answers *Father*, "that Silence stoode for Consent. *Qui tacet, consentire videtur;*" which made Sundrie smile. On the last

Charge, he protested he had never spoken Word against the Law unto anie Man.

The Jury are about to acquit him, when up starts the *Solicitor Generall*, offers himself as Witness for the Crown, is sworn, and gives Evidence of his Dialogue with *Father* in the Tower, falselie adding, like a Liar as he is, that on his saying "No Parliament coulde make a Law that GOD shoulde not be GOD," *Father* had rejoyned, "No more coulde they make the King supreme Head of the Church."

I marvell the Ground opened not at his Feet. *Father* brisklie made Answer, "If I were a Man, my Lords, who regarded not an Oath, ye know well I needed not stand now at this Bar. And if the Oath which you, Mr *Rich*, have just taken, be true, then I pray I may never see GOD in the Face. In good Truth, Mr *Rich*, I am more sorry for your Perjurie than my Perill. You and I once dwelt long together in one Parish; your manner of Life and Conversation from your Youth up were familiar to me, and it paineth me to tell ye were ever held very light of your Tongue, a great Dicer and Gamester, and not of anie commendable Fame either there or in the *Temple*, the Inn to which ye have belonged. Is it credible, therefore, to your Lordships, that the Secrets of my Conscience touching the Oath, which I never woulde reveal, after the Statute once made, either to the King's Grace himself, nor to anie of you, my honourable Lords, I should have thus lightly blurted out in private Parley with Mr *Rich*?"

In short, the Villain made not goode his Poynt:

ne'erthelesse, the Issue of this black Day was aforehand fixed; my Lord *Audley* was primed with a virulent and venomous Speech; the Jury retired, and presentlie returned with a Verdict of Guilty; for they knew what the King's Grace woulde have 'em doe in that Case.

Up starts my Lord *Audley;* commences pronouncing Judgment, when—

"My Lord," says *Father*, "in my Time, the Custom in these Cases was ever to ask the Prisoner before Sentence, whether he coulde give anie Reason why judgment shoulde not proceed agaynst him."

My Lord, in some Confusion, puts the Question.

And then came the frightful Sentence.

Yes, yes, my Soul, I know; there were Saints of old sawn asunder. Men of whom the World was not worthy.

. . . Then he spake unto 'em his Mind; and bade his Judges and Accusers farewell; hoping that like as St *Paul* was present and consenting unto St *Stephen's* Death, and yet both were now holy Saints in Heaven, so he and they might speedilie meet there, joint Heirs of e'erlasting Salvation.

Meantime, poor *Bess* and *Cecilie*, spent with Grief and long waiting, were forct to be carried Home by *Heron*, or ever *Father* returned to his Prison. Was't less Feeling, or more Strength of Body, enabled me to bide at the Tower Wharf with *Dancey?* GOD knoweth. They brought him back by Water; my poor Sisters must have passed him. . . . The first Thing I saw was the Axe, *turned with its Edge towards*

him—my first Note of his Sentence. I forct my Way through the Crowd . . . some one laid a cold Hand on mine Arm; 'twas poor *Patteson*, soe changed I scarce knew him, with a Rosary of Gooseberries he kept running through his Fingers. He sayth, "Bide your Time, Mistress *Meg;* when he comes past I'll make a Passage for ye; . . . Oh, Brother, Brother! what ailed thee to refuse the Oath? *I've* taken it!" In another Moment, "Now, Mistress, now!" and flinging his Arms right and left, made a Breach through which I darted, fearlesse of Bills and Halberds, and did cast mine Arms about *Father's* Neck. He cries, "My *Meg!*" and hugs me to him as though our very Souls shoulde grow together. He sayth, "Bless thee, bless thee! Enough, enough, my Child; what mean ye, to weep and break mine Heart? Remember, though I die innocent, 'tis not without the Will of GOD, who coulde have turned mine Enemies' Hearts, if 'twere best; therefore possess your Soul in Patience. Kiss them alle for me, thus and thus . . ." soe gave me back into *Dancey's* Arms, the Guards about him alle weeping; but I coulde not thus lose Sight of him for ever; soe, after a Minute's Pause, did make a second Rush, brake away from *Dancey*, clave to *Father* agayn, and agayn they had Pitie on me, and made Pause while I hung upon his Neck. This Time there were large Drops standing on his dear Brow; and the big Tears were swelling into his Eyes. He whispered, "*Meg*, for *Christ's* Sake don't unman me; thou'lt not deny my last Request?" I sayd, "Oh! no;" and at once

loosened mine Arms. "God's Blessing be with you," he sayth with a last Kiss. I coulde not help crying, "My *Father*, my *Father!*" "The Chariot of *Israel*, and the Horsemen thereof!" he vehementlie whispers, pointing upwards with soe passionate a Regard, that I look up, almost expecting a beatific Vision; and when I turn about agayn, he's gone, and I have noe more Sense nor Life till I find myself agayn in mine owne Chamber, my Sisters chafing my Hands.

July 5th.

ALLE's over now . . . they've done theire worst, and yet I live. There were Women could stande aneath the Cross. The *Maccabees'* Mother— . . . yes, my Soul, yes; I know—Nought but unpardoned Sin. . . . The Chariot of *Israel.*

6th.

DR *Clement* hath beene with us. Sayth he went up as blythe as a Bridegroom to be clothed upon with Immortality.

Rupert stoode it alle out. Pertect Love casteth out feare. Soe did his.

17th.

. . . . . .

MY most precious Treasure is this deare Billet, writ with a Coal: the last Thing he sett his Hand to, wherein he sayth, "I never liked your Manner towards me better than when you kissed me last."

19th.

THEY have let us bury his poor mangled Trunk ; but, as sure as there's a Sun in Heaven, I'll have his Head ! before another Sun hath risen, too. If wise Men won't speed me, I'll e'en content me with a Fool.

I doe think Men, for the most Part be Cowards in theire Hearts . . . moral Cowards. Here and there, we find one like *Father*, and like *Socrates*, and like . . . this and that one, I mind not theire Names just now ; but in the Main, methinketh they lack the moral Courage of Women. Maybe, I'm unjust to 'em just now, being crost.

July 20th.

. . . . . .

I LAY down, but my Heart was waking. Soon after the first Cock crew, I hearde a Pebble cast agaynst my Lattice, knew the Signall, rose, dressed, stole softlie down and let myself out. I knew the Touch of the poor Fool's Fingers ; his Teeth were chattering, 'twixt Cold and Fear, yet he laught aneath his Breath as he caught my Arm and dragged me after him, whispering, "Fool and fayr Lady will cheat 'em yet." At the Stairs lay a Wherry with a Couple of Boatmen, and one of 'em stepping up to me, cries, "Alas for ruth, Mistress *Meg*, what is't ye do ? Art mad to go on this Errand ?" I sayd, "I shall be mad if I goe not, and succeed too—put me in, and push off."

We went down the River quietlie enow—at length reach *London Bridge* Stairs. *Patteson*, starting up, says, "Bide ye all as ye are," and springs aland and runneth up to the Bridge. Anon, returns, and sayth, "Now, Mistress, alle's readie . . . readier than ye wist . . . come up quickly, for the Coast's clear." *Hobson* (for twas he) helps me forth, saying, "God speed ye, Mistress. . . An' I dared, I woulde goe with ye." . . . Thought I, there be others in that Case.

Nor lookt I up till aneath the Bridgegate, when casting upward a fearsome Look, I beheld the Dark Outline of the ghastly yet precious Relic; and, falling into a Tremour, did wring my Hands and exclaym, "Alas, alas, that Head hath lain full manie a Time in my Lap, woulde God, woulde GOD it lay there now! When, o' suddain, I saw the Pole tremble and sway towards me; and stretching forth my Apron, I did in an Extasy of Gladness, Pity, and Horror, catch its Burthen as it fell. *Patteson*, shuddering, yet grinning, cries under his Breath, "Managed I not well, Mistress? Let's speed away with our Theft, for Fools and their Treasures are soon parted; but I think not they'll follow hard after us, neither, for there are Well-wishers to us on the Bridge. I'll put ye into the Boat and then say, GOD speed ye, Lady, with your Burthen."

July 23rd.

Rizpah, Daughter of *Aiah*, did watch her Dead from the beginning of Harvest until the latter Rain, and suffered neither the Birds of the Air to light on them by Day, nor the wild Beasts of the Field by Night. And it was told the King, but he intermeddled not with her.

Argia stole *Polynices'* Body by Night and buried it, for the which, she with her Life did willingly pay Forfeit. *Antigone*, for aiding in the pious Theft, was adjudged to be buried alive. *Artemisia* did make herself her loved one's Shrine, by drinking his Ashes. Such is the Love of Women; many Waters cannot quench it, neither can the Floods drown it. I've hearde *Bonvisi* tell of a poor *Italian* Girl, whose Brothers did slay her Lover; and in Spite of them she got his Heart, and buried it in a Pot of Basil, which she watered Day and Night with her Tears, just as I do my Coffer. *Will* has promised it shall be buried with me; layd upon my Heart; and since then, I've beene easier.

He thinks he shall write *Father's* Life, when he gets more composed, and we are settled in a new Home. We are to be cleared out o' this in alle Haste; the King grutches at our lingering over *Father's* Footsteps, and gazing on the dear familiar Scenes associate with his Image; and yet, when the News of the bloody Deed was taken to him, as he sate playing at Tables with Queen *Anne*, he started

up and scowled at her, saying, "Thou art the Cause of this Man's Death!" *Father* might well say, during our last precious Meeting in the Tower, "'Tis I, *Meg*, not the King, that love Women. They belie him; he onlie loves himself." Adding, with his own sweet Smile, "Your *Gaffer* used to say that Women were a Bag of Snakes, and that the Man who put his Hand therein woulde be lucky if he founde one Eel among them alle; but 'twas onlie in Sport, *Meg*, and he owned that I had enough Eels to my Share to make a goodly Pie, and called my House the Eel-pie House to the Day of his Death. 'Twas our Lord *Jesus* raised up Women, and shewed Kindnesse unto 'em; and they've kept theire Level, in the Main, ever since."

I wish *Will* may sett down everie Thing of *Father's* saying he can remember; how precious will his Book then be to us! But I fear me, these Matters adhere not to a man's Memory . . . he'll be telling of his Doings as Speaker and Chancellor, and his saying this and that in Parliament. Those are the Matters Men like to write and to read: he won't write it after my Fashion.

I had a misgiving of *Will's* Wrath, that Night, 'speciallie if I failed; but he called me his brave *Judith*. Indeed I was a Woman bearing a Head, but one that had oft lain on my Shoulder.

My Thoughts beginne to have Connexion now; but till last Night, I slept not. 'Twas scarce Sunsett. *Mercy* had been praying beside me, and I lay outside my Bed, inclining rather to Stupor than

Sleep. O' suddain, I have an Impression that some one is leaning over me, though I hear 'em not, nor feel theire Breath. I start up, cry "*Mercy!*" but she's not there, nor anie one else. I turn on my Side and become heavie to Sleep; but or ere I drop quite off, agayn I'm sensible or apprehensive of some living Consciousness between my closed Eyelids and the setting Sunlight; agayn start up and stare about, but there's Nothing. Then I feel like . . . like *Eli*, maybe, when the Child *Samuel* came to him twice; and Tears well into mine Eyes, and I close 'em agayn, and say in mine Heart, "If he's at Hand, oh, let me see him next time . . . the third Time's lucky." But 'steade of this, I fall into quiet, balmy dreamlesse Sleep. Since then, I've had an abiding, assuring Sense of Help, of a Hand upholding me, and smoothing and glibbing the Way before me.

We must yield to the Powers that be. At this Present, we are weak, but they are strong; they are honourable, but we are despised. They have made us a Spectacle unto the World, and, I think, Europe will ring with it; but at this present Hour, they will have us forth of our Home, though we have as yet no certayn Dwelling-Place, and must flee as scared Pigeons from their Dove-cot. No Matter; our Men are willing to labour, and our Women to endure: being reviled, we bless; being persecuted, we suffer it. Onlie I marvell how anie honest Man, coming after us, will be able to eat a Mouthful of Bread with a Relish within these Walls. And, methinketh, a dishonest Man will have sundrie Frights from the

Lares and *Lemures*. There'll be Dearth o' black Beans in the Market.

Flow on, bright shining *Thames*. A good brave Man hath walked aforetime on your Margent, himself as bright, and usefull, and delightsome as be you, sweet River. And like you, he never murmured; like you, he upbore the weary, and gave Drink to the Thirsty, and reflected Heaven in his Face. I'll not swell your full Current with any more fruitless Tears. There's a River, whose streams make glad the city of our GOD. He now rests beside it. Good Christian Folks, as they hereafter pass this Spot, upborne on thy gentle Tide, will, maybe, Point this Way, and say—"There dwelt Sir *Thomas More*;" but whether they doe or not, *Vox Populi* is a very inconsiderable Matter. Who would live on theire Breath? They hailed St *Paul* as *Mercury*, and then stoned him, and cast him out of the City, supposing him to be dead. Theire Favourite of to-day may, for what they care, goe hang himself to-morrow in his Surcingle. Thus it must be while the World lasts; and the very Racks and Scrues wherewith they aim to overcome the nobler Spiritt, onlie test and reveal its Power of Exaltation above the heaviest Gloom of Circumstance.

Interfecistis, interfecistis Hominem omnium Anglorum optimum.

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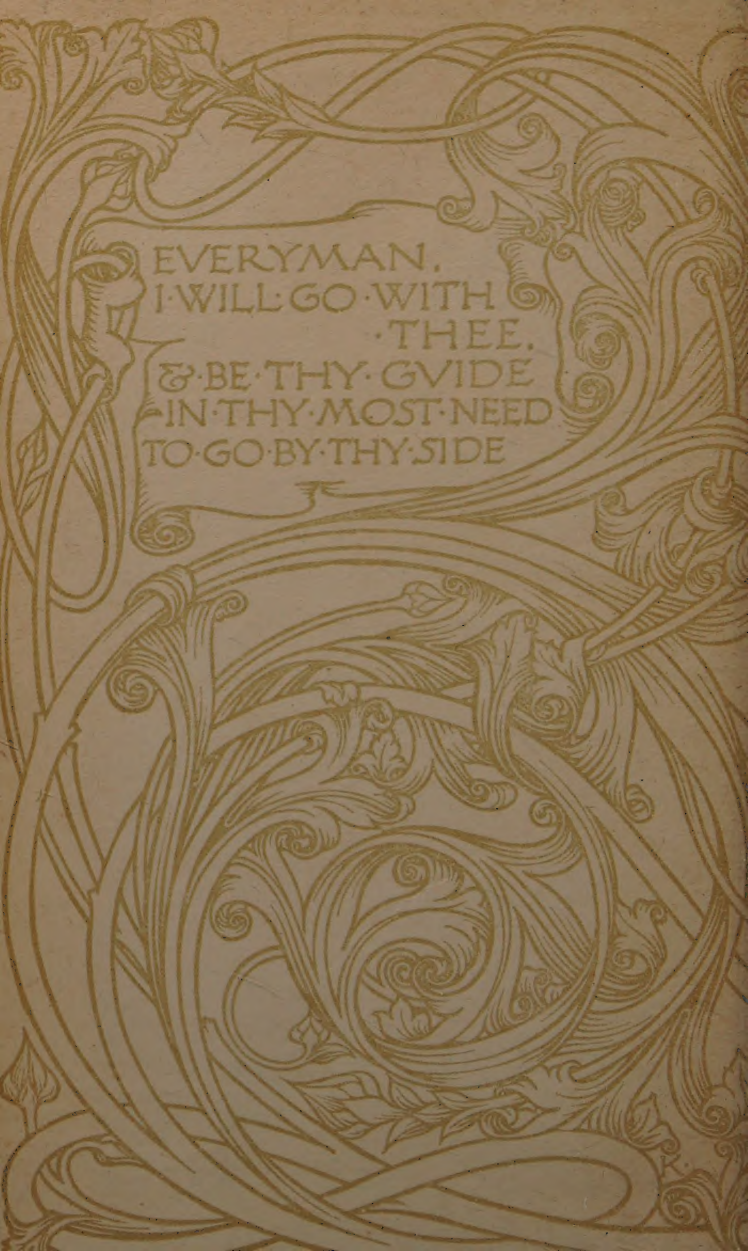
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